

# DIMENSIONS

May-July  
1954

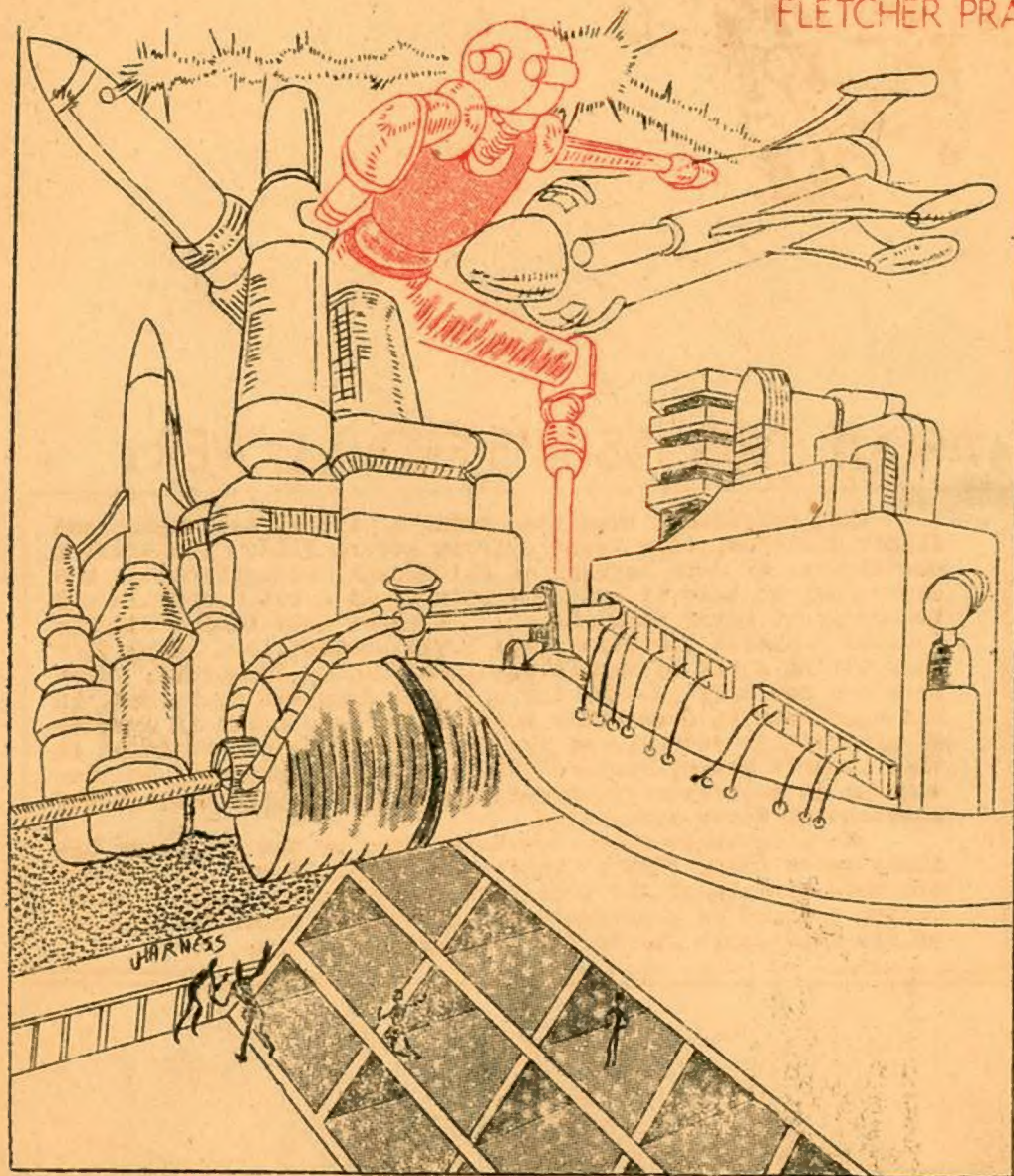
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feature article this issue

## The Inside Story Of The Harold Shea Novels.

FLETCHER PRATT

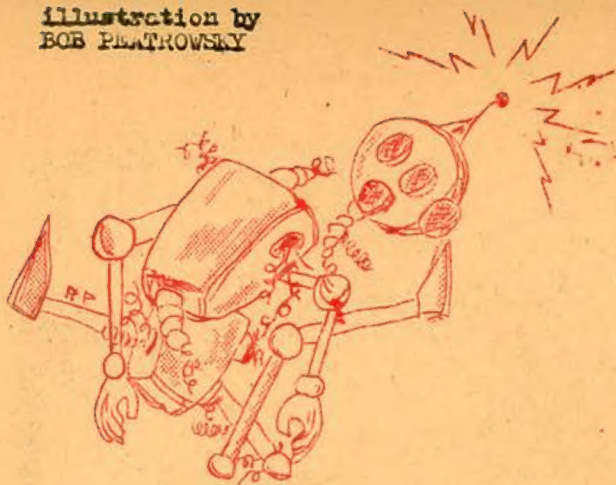


FALCONS OF NARABEDLA by Marion Zimmer Bradley  
ryan • english • gibson • budrys • dignin • grennell • ish • calkins • belotte • norton, etc



editor: HARLAN ELLISON

an amateur publication for  
those who enjoy science  
fiction, fantasy, and a  
range of allied subjects



## ABOUT THIS ISSUE'S FRONT COVER:

When originally submitted among a pile of incidental and filler sketches, this issue's front cover, FACTOR FORGOTTEN a masterpiece by Jack Harness of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, we asked Jack to take it back and work on it a bit more with eye toward front cover publication. At about this time, SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN instituted its cover contest, and among the very strong field of submissions, was FACTOR FORGOTTEN. Harness had not only re-done the original completely, he had, in his eagerness to turn out a superlative job, inked in a series of progressive scenes. As you can see by its presentation on this issue's bosom, Harness' illustration, reproduced on mimeograph in two-color synchronization, won the first prize for outstanding cover submission.

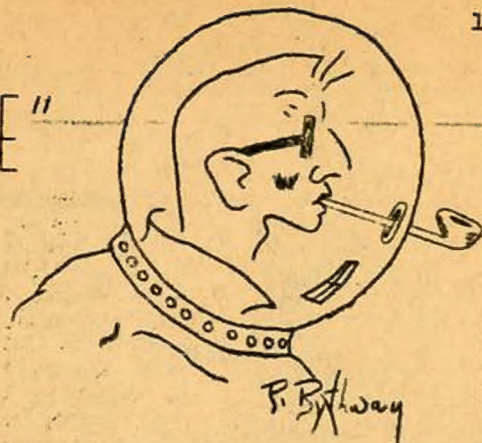
The progressives are now being used by the editor in his illustrated talk, "How To Publish A Fanzine," and are but one more example of the talent of Jack Harness, a young man, making a place of prominence in the amateur ranks for himself on his inevitable way to the professional realm.

Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the staff, unless so stated -- entire contents copyrighted 1954 -- material submitted for publication MUST be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope, if not previously solicited. Material submitted is done so at contributors own risk as no responsibility is assumed, though a reasonable amount of caution will be exerted. Printing this issue: 2 00.



## PLAYING "TELEPHONE"

illustration by Robert Bythway



We used to play a game called "telephone," when we were in our much younger days. It consisted of a roomful of people with a sentence or phrase started and whispered into one person's ear, and then whispered through the entire string of players till it came out at the last person and you laughed yourself into a mild hysteria at the way, "My Saginaw sister Susie likes locusts and lettuce," was completely changed to sound like something else.

In fact, the application of this deadly little game to our Average Man's existence has angered me to a point where this editorial has emerged. I'm angered at a group of insidious and unwitting, but no less deadly for all that, groups that may have escaped your (and most people's) attention, since they are taken as much for the granted as the Drive-In movie and psychological mind-blasting from advertising copy.

As regards "telephone," I have seen the practice rampant in the rank and file. I have seen a young girl go to a gathering where she was taught that a traditional Yiddish song was an African spiritual. I have seen a joke told by a young fellow acquaintance of mine and repeated ten minutes later so grotesquely distorted as to make your hair stand at attention.

This laxness on the part of those either searching out information, passing on data, or constructing paths of learning is, to me, more terrifying than any subtleties of Fifth Column infiltration. I assert that: to distort something in the presentation (whether intentionally or otherwise is immaterial) is to alter it so cleverly that there is no foolproof method of tracing back to the truthful, solid foundations from which the malstatement emerged.

We find this habit, increasingly evident as the months parade, in more than a few of the many manuscripts submitted to us. *DIMENS* draws a pretty fair cross-section of the country's pro and amateur writers, and after blue-pencilling and re-editing many of them, we find that forty per cent of our troubles stemmed from statements made in a completely fallacious or at least irresponsible manner. The reason for this is as basic as it is frightening.

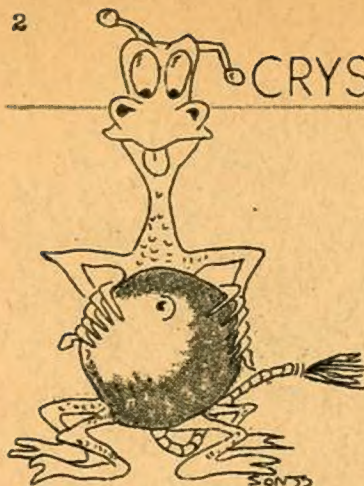
For consider: build a reputation, whether auctorial or periodical, and you can say things otherwise immediately recognized as hogwash; this is a necessary corollary to the "twisted statement" process. You might call it the "authority-truster" structure. It walks hand in hand with, and is as necessary as potassium nitrate in



## CRYSTAL - BALLING

a private peek into the future

cartoon by Gregg Hodgson



**DIMENSIONS** is about to fulfill the promises of twenty years of fanzines. The professional is hereby advised that Alpha-quality work which a pro magazine would ordinarily reject because of subject matter or handling---we want. The fan is hereby notified that work of off-trail calibre, forthright honesty, logical argument and any other work he has held off writing or submitting because the fan field was barren---we again, want. **DIMENSIONS** wants the material to be published in a **NEW YORKER**, **PARTISAN REVIEW**, **GALAXY**, **ASTOUNDING**, **FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION**, **ATLANTIC**, **NEW WORLD WRITING** rolled in one. No

manuscript or artwork will be overlooked. We want only the first magnitude material, but we'll develop the talent, too. For new directions---look to new **DIMENSIONS**! In the next issue:

**REDTIME STORY** by **POUL ANDERSON** exemplifies the brand of mss. we want. A story risque in parts, ribald in others, and entertaining throughout. In the saga of Little Blue Eyes, Poul has written a short story that stands up unashamedly with the best he's produced, but that NO prozine would be able to publish. Art by California's gift to modern art, **RALPH RAYBURN PHILLIPS**. A milestone in humorous science fantasy.

**FALCONS OF NARABEDLA** by **MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY** steps into second gear as its plot unfurls with freshness, electricity and vitality. Mrs. Bradley has appeared in several professional magazines and this second portion of **FALCONS** shows why she's hit the big time. This is Bradley at her best.

**PASTICHE FROM ROBERT BLOCH** presents a motley assortment of Robert's sage utterances at Philadelphia. A complete authoritative chronicle of Bob's introductions of notables and sly innuendoes. With a full-page caricature of Bloch by **HENRY W. CHABOT**. (Also, a self-cartoon of Bloch by Bloch.)

**VIA ROMA** by **RAY SCHAEFFER, JR.** begins what we think will be the most innovating series of fiction pieces run in an amateur sf magazine in twenty years. We call them **TABOO-BREAKERS**. Stories too hard-hitting for the professional SF publications, too adroit for the amateur mags. This one is the first of a proposed series that has such names as Richard Geis, Betsy Curtis and John L. Magnus, Jr. already lined-up. **VIA ROMA** may not be s-f, nor even fantasy, but I personally guarantee you'll be talking about it long after the magazine it was published in is forgotten. Clarity of writing you would expect to find only in Faulkner presents itself along with tight, swift, emotional plotting. Art by talented **TOM REAMY**.

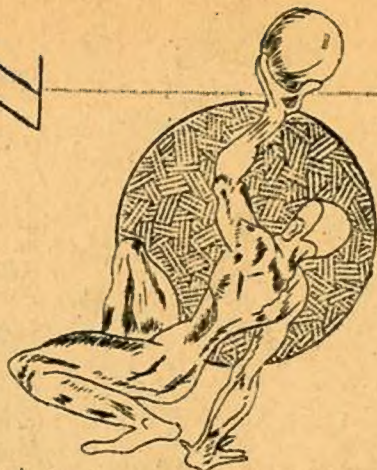
A special section of **SPACE BALLADS** by **ALGIS BUDRYS**, **P.H. ECONOMOU**, **TED COGSWELL**, and the first publication of "**THUNDER AND ROSES**" by **THEODORE STURGEON**. **SONGS OF DEEP SPACE** is a section right out of this world!

there will be other material also, and art of the highest quality obtainable. our cover will be a photo-offset illustration by England's **ALAN HUNTER** called **DEPOPULATION** with three separate and distinct stories behind-the-cover. **DAVE ENGLISH** will be back, **DEAN GREENELL** and **DAVE ISH** with his new **THE SOFTLY ATOMIC BLAST** fanmag review column. Be here?



## CITATION

heading by RAY GIBSON



thirteen:

Raymond A. Palmer

Every once in a very great while we become excited about the recipient of one of our CITATIONS. When we decided that Ray Palmer should follow in the line of notables who have received the coveted SEBULLETIN CITATION, we wrote to Beatrice Mahaffey, a very good friend of ours, and also an editor of the Palmer-owned UNIVERSE, MYSTIC, SCIENCE STORIES and FATE. We mentioned to Bea that the reason Ray had not won the CITATION earlier was because of the fact that even though he was unquestionably the biggest man in the field insofar as sales was concerned, he had never given any actual, tangible gift to the field. We felt that we must surely hold off till Ray had proved himself. Now, in the opinions held by the members of SEB's staff, Ray Palmer has come of age. His magazines, though not of the highest quality, show a definite and pleasing personality, and a friendliness toward the fan ranks. In point of fact, the Palmer magazines are one of the few groups left in which the Fan is recognized. With the advent of his three new publications, we venture to say that the Palmer Faction will be a rugged one indeed to cope with saleswise and quality-wise. So, we sent off our letter of congratulation to Ray, and Bea answered us. Here's her letter, with the attitude toward CITATION that both the people who receive them, and we who give them out, have:

Dear Harlan:

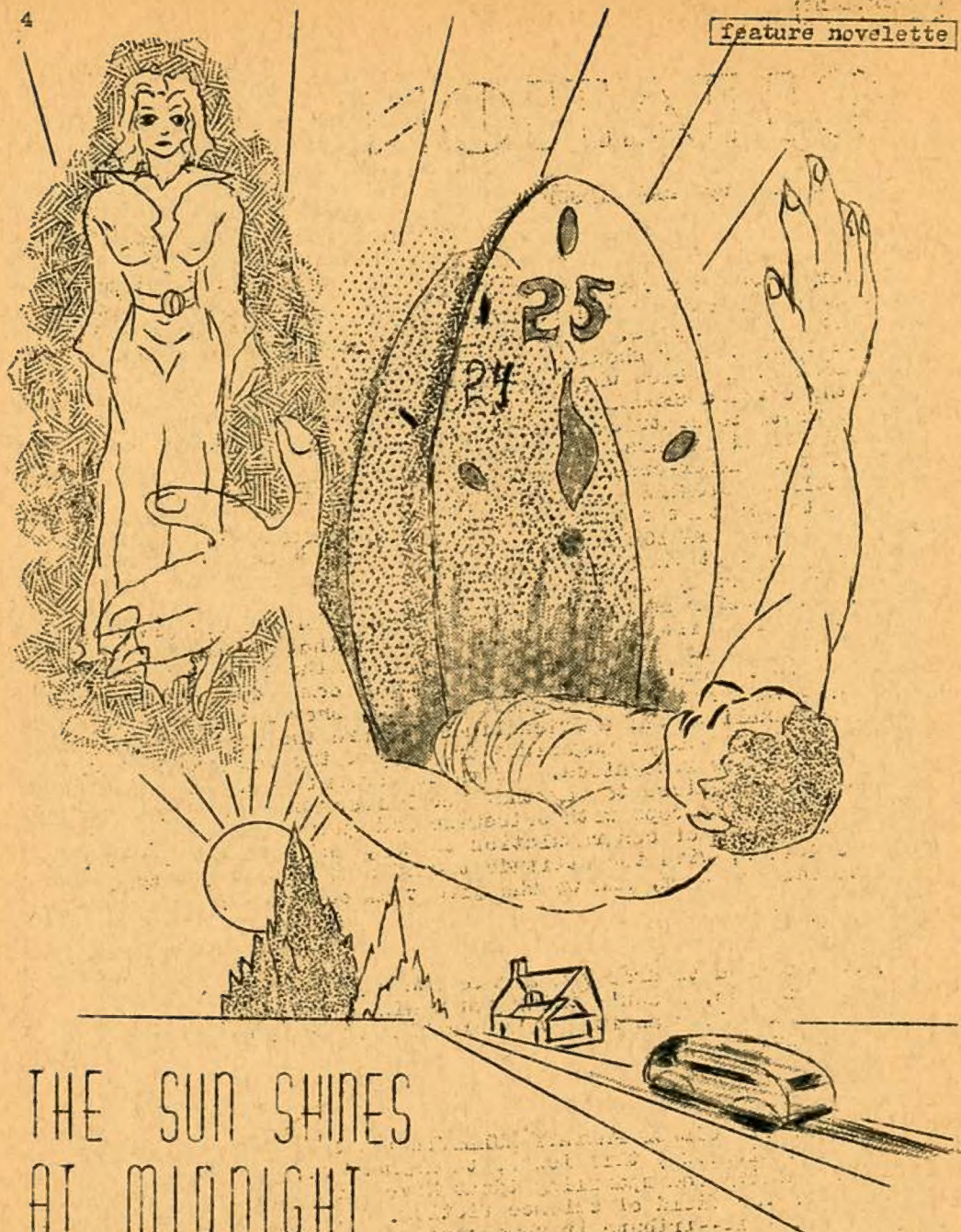
...Just wanted to drop you a note and say Thanks, because knowing you as I do, I don't think you would have written the letter if you didn't mean it. We're looking forward to CITATION with pleasure...

Bea Mahaffey

The staff of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN takes especial pride in presenting its CITATION, this issue, to Raymond A. Palmer, whose dynamic personality and sparkling ideas have always stood for the originality of the field of science fiction. We hope this small--but fully heartfelt--tribute in some small way mirrors the success he is surely to have in the next years.

NOTE: the SEB CITATION has spread its fame even wider still: recently, a book titled TALES FROM GAVAGAN'S BAR by de Camp and Pratt was issued with these words on the jacket, "First Award of the Cleveland SF Association." Our first CITATION was that one. ...he





# THE SUN SHINES AT MIDNIGHT

BY CHARLES W. RYAN

illustration this page by

Richard Z. Ward



Bert answered the doorbell and signed for the package, tipping the delivery boy. He took the package into the living-room, sat down on the carpet in front of the gas-log fireplace and opened the box. He removed a clock with expensive-looking mounting and beautifully simple lines. Examining it with satisfaction, he put the clock on the mantelpiece and stepped back to observe the effect.

He nodded with pleasure and then did a retake as he looked at the eight-inch face of the clock. Snatching the clock from the mantelpiece he looked again, a puzzled expression on his face.

Bert dialed a number, and when he got his party, said, "This is Bert Arrows. There's been a mistake in my order. The clock that you sold me this afternoon has arrived. Or rather, it isn't the clock that I ordered. It looks like the same clock, but this one has twenty-five hour divisions."

"Twenty-five!" the clerk exclaimed. "We don't have any clocks like that."

"Well, you did before you delivered this one," Bert replied a bit sarcastically. "Check and see if you have any more like the one you were showing me. I'll drop by tomorrow and exchange this one."

The clerk asked Bert to hold the line, and then returned in a moment and said, "There must be some mistake, Mr. Arrows. The clock you ordered has not been delivered yet. It's still here in the store."

"I agree about the mistake. How many divisions has the clock which I was supposed to receive?"

"Twenty-four."

"Well, I'll bring this fool thing back in the morning and pick up the right clock."

"Very well, Mr. Arrows. Terribly sorry about the error, but after all, it's hardly the fault of the store, since we don't carry such clocks as you describe. Perhaps someone is playing a practical joke on you."

"I see nothing practical about a twenty-five hour clock on a planet with a rotation period of twenty-four hours, but I'll get it straightened out tomorrow. Goodbye."

Bert went back and stared at the clock. Then he went into the kitchen, mixed himself a drink and went back to stare some more. He looked at the back and the front and the mounting very closely to see if he could find some evidence of tampering. There was none.

Finally, he wound the clock, consulted his wristwatch and set the clock at 7:30, or 19:30 by the clock. Then he dressed for his date and went out.

Few hours later, Bert fumbled in the pocket of his robe, found a cigarette and lit it. He sat dejectedly staring into the gas flames of the fireplace.

So what if he had been a little irritable? That clock thing was on his mind, and if Janice couldn't stand a little irritability now, it was a good thing he found out before they were married. It surely would have been a poor gamble. Just because he protested going home at eleven o'clock, she didn't have to get steamy and give him back his ring. Probably just an excuse to break the engagement, anyway.

Bert looked at the devilish timepiece on the mantel. He had the queer notion that the clock was immediately responsible for all his trouble, instead of just indirectly. Eleven-forty-five. Twenty-three-forty-five, actually. The twenty-four hour clock was gaining steadily in popularity. The military had used it for decades, of course. Sometimes, though, it was a little hard to convert the hours over twelve. The clock tallied with his watch, but it could hardly be right in the morning. Twenty-five hours! Baloney!



Tossing the ring carelessly upon the mantelpiece. Bert went to bed and slept as soundly as if no girl had ever considered giving him the heave-ho. At any rate, he had only gotten engaged because twenty-four years old is practically a male spinster in his circle of acquaintances. He was finding the single life a little boring, anyway. In a while his measured snores mingled with the sound of the new clock striking twelve.

When his alarm clock rang next morning, Bert sat up immediately (an entirely unprecedented occurrence) and began looking for his slippers. He slipped on his robe and, consulting his watch, discovered the time to be exactly seven thirty-eight. He hurried into the living room, sublimely confident that the new clock (if indeed it were a clock) would read 6:38 to compensate for the extra hour division. It followed that tomorrow at the same time it would say 5:38, 4:38 the next day, and so, ad infinitum until it was permitted to run down. The clock said 7:38, even after Bert rubbed his eyes and looked again. He went to the bathroom and doused his face with cold water. When he returned, the clock no longer read 7:38.

Now it said 7:40.

He cursed the clock and got ready to go to work in the office where he made a very substantial living playing with figures.

Miss Philpott, the secretary with the bony legs, sharp elbows and man-hungry eyes, bore down upon Bert, delighted with the opportunity to be faintly intimate with him. Miss Philpott had worshipped Bert from afar, but he had warily prevented her from closing in.

She bent down over him and casually (she tried to make it appear), let her fingers drop inside his open shirt collar and caress the back of his neck. She thought the caress thrilled him, but the truth was--- it made him shudder.

"Mr. Haggler wants you in his office, Bert," she said in her sexiest stage whisper.

"Thanks, Beatrice," Bert said politely and walked away toward Mr. Haggler's office.

Miss Philpott returned giddily to her desk, triumphantly aglow. He had called her Beatrice instead of the usual "Miss Philpott." Maybe soon he would call her "Bea" and then-- She sat at her desk, staring into nowhere and chewing on the eraser of an already well-chewed pencil.

She was walking down the aisle in a white satin wedding gown. Bert was stepping forward to join her before the altar. He stood tall and wide-shouldered, a lock of his dark brown hair dropping down upon his forehead. Not an Adonis, maybe, but at least a Tyrone Power.

She jumped as the telephone jangled its way into her daydream. "Good morning; Associated Trust and Loan," she said mechanically.

Mr. Haggler waved a paper at Bert and said, "Sit down, Bert, my boy. There's something I want to discuss with you."

"Yes, sir?" Bert said inquiringly as he sank into a leather-covered chair.

"You've always impressed me as an ambitious young man. Capable, too. But something is wrong. Are you in trouble?" Mr. Haggler's tone was paternally confidential.

"Trouble, sir? Why, no. What makes you ask?"

"Your work. You haven't had an error in your figures in weeks, but today by noon I had discovered six in one account alone. If it's money --" He let the sentence dangle suggestively.

"It's not money, sir. Really, it's nothing at all. Just one of those days."

"Then why have you spent most of the day staring into space?" Mr.



Haggler roared, making Bert jump. Mr. Haggler was a man of rapidly changing moods.

"I don't feel very well today. I'll be all right tomorrow."

"Well, take the rest of the day off. You'll be docked two hours pay, of course," Mr. Haggler said nastily. "And you'd better be back to normal tomorrow." His voice fairly dripped with threat.

The trouble, of course, was the clock. Bert had not taken it back to exchange. He was just human enough to want to dope out the mystery. It was beginning to look as if the clock would ruin him first.

Bert left the office and went to the public library where he leafed through many enlightening but unhelpful tomes on timepieces. There were sun clocks, water clocks, candle clocks, and a clock which read counter-clockwise, but there was not one tiny hint of a twenty-five hour clock.

The first thing Bert did upon returning home was to look at the clock. The time tallied with his watch. There was no earthly reason why it should, but it did. Bert didn't feel like considering any un-earthy reasons.

The first glimmer of a new thought occurred to him. Maybe the whole thing was an hallucination. After all, no one else had seen the clock. But why should he imagine the extra number on the clock? Subconscious desire for more free time? Bah!

Bert paced the floor as he smoked a cigarette, and tried to figure out some common sense explanation which didn't suggest insanity. He glanced out the window. It had already grown dark.

It had to be some trick mechanism that caused it to skip an hour. It couldn't be a gradual change that compensated for the extra hour during a twenty-four hour cycle, because the time had exactly coincided at too many random checks.

There was one last check he could make. He would sit up all night and find out where the jump took place. Then he could forget the whole thing. If the hour hand did jump, that is. He felt a passing moment of panic at the thought of this last check being wrong, then he grinned. He thought of the old joke about a man losing his wallet and looking in all his pockets save one. He didn't check that one because he was afraid he would drop dead if it was not in that one.

He turned on the radio and settled down to watch and wait. The tubes warmed up and the announcer said, "Does your clock give you a sense of security? When it says, 'Five O'clock,' does it really mean, 'Five O'four'? Not if it's a Gurkenheifer, the Clock With A Conscience. Gurkenheifer timepieces--."

Bert savagely jabbed another button, effectively silencing the panegyric to Gurkenheifer clocks. This time he got some music. It was Harry James playing the old "One O'Clock Jump." Bert sighed and quickly switched off the radio. Rummaging through the small bookcase, he picked out a book and began to read it. At frequent intervals he would check the time against his wristwatch, but nothing happened.

Bert stifled a yawn, privately embarrassed at this sign of weakness in the battle against sleep. The hours dragged on, and finally the hour hand had crept around to a point between 23 and 24 on the face of the clock. Almost midnight! Traditional hour of mystery. For a moment, a subtle thrill of anticipation drove away all traces of sleep. Twenty-three fifty-five. Five minutes before midnight.

But the tendency to fall asleep was persistent. Bert nodded. Suddenly he was aware of a change in the room. In a moment, he realized that sunshine was streaming through the windows. He had fallen asleep after all, he accused himself disgustedly.

Consulting his watch, he saw that it was twelve o'clock. No o.n, even! But he glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. It said 24:00.



That was wrong. Twelve hundred would be noon on a twenty-four h o u r clock. That clock was reading midnight!

Odd coincidence that it had stopped at midnight exactly. It must have, though. He checked and found that his observation was correct.

Bert exchanged his robe and slippers for a shirt, coat and shoes, and went out to get a cup of coffee. He walked out the front door and ran into a shocking revelation.

His well-trimmed lawn was choked in weeds. The flowering shrubs, growing at either side of the door, were strangled in vines. The paint on the house was old and peeling, and the walk was divided by c r a z y jagged cracks. The little gate sagged uselessly upon its hinges. I t was as if the house had been deserted and left in neglect for years or even decades.

Lifting his startled eyes and looking down the street, Bert s a w that the condition of his house was unique. All the other dwellings were neatly kept up, with the immaculate lawns that he knew as a part of the better suburban neighborhoods.

Puzzled and confused, Bert walked out to the street and absently wandered along the sidewalk. A bus pulled up to the curb as he passed a stop, and following a sudden impulse, he got on.

He could see no fare-box. "Do you take the fare?" he asked t h e driver.

"Fare?" said the driver with a puzzled expression on his face, a s if he had never heard the word.

"Yes, fare. The money you pay for riding," Bert said with a trace of sarcasm.

"I don't know what you mean," the driver said, laughing a little. He couldn't figure out the joke, or so it appeared.

There seemed to be nothing to do but take a seat, so Bert did so. That guy sounded as if no one paid fares. But then, there was h i s front yard. He didn't understand that, either.

He sat down in the seat behind a young woman in a ridiculous r e d hat. She patted her blonde hair into place beneath the hat and powdered her nose. At least something was normal and commonplace today, Bert thought with some measure of relief.

He noticed a faint scent about the woman--perfume. There was some sort of tantalizing quality about the perfume, and Bert found himself dwelling upon it.

A few blocks farther, and the object of his interest pulled t h e cord and arose to leave the bus as it pulled up at the curb. Bert found himself leaving his seat and departing from the bus after the woman. He could not have explained why if his life had hung upon the knowledge, out the urge was irresistible.

"Just a moment, Miss," Bert said, catching up with the woman. "If you'll pardon me, there's something I want to discuss with you."

"Yes?" the girl said, with no trace of surprise in her voice. A s she turned around, Bert thought of a Petty girl calendar. She could easily have been one of the models. The scent of the perfume seemed more pronounced now.

With more than a little amazement, Bert found himself saying, "I'm in love with you." A lucid part of his mind told him that his actions were not at all logical, but he continued, "That's not very logical, is it?"

"And why not?" the girl laughed musically, showing white, e v e n teeth. Her grey eyes twinkled gaily. "Is there something wrong with me, that you shouldn't be in love with me?"

"No, of course not," Bert stammered. "It's just that these things don't happen. I mean, a guy just doesn't go up to a strange woman and say, 'I love you.'"



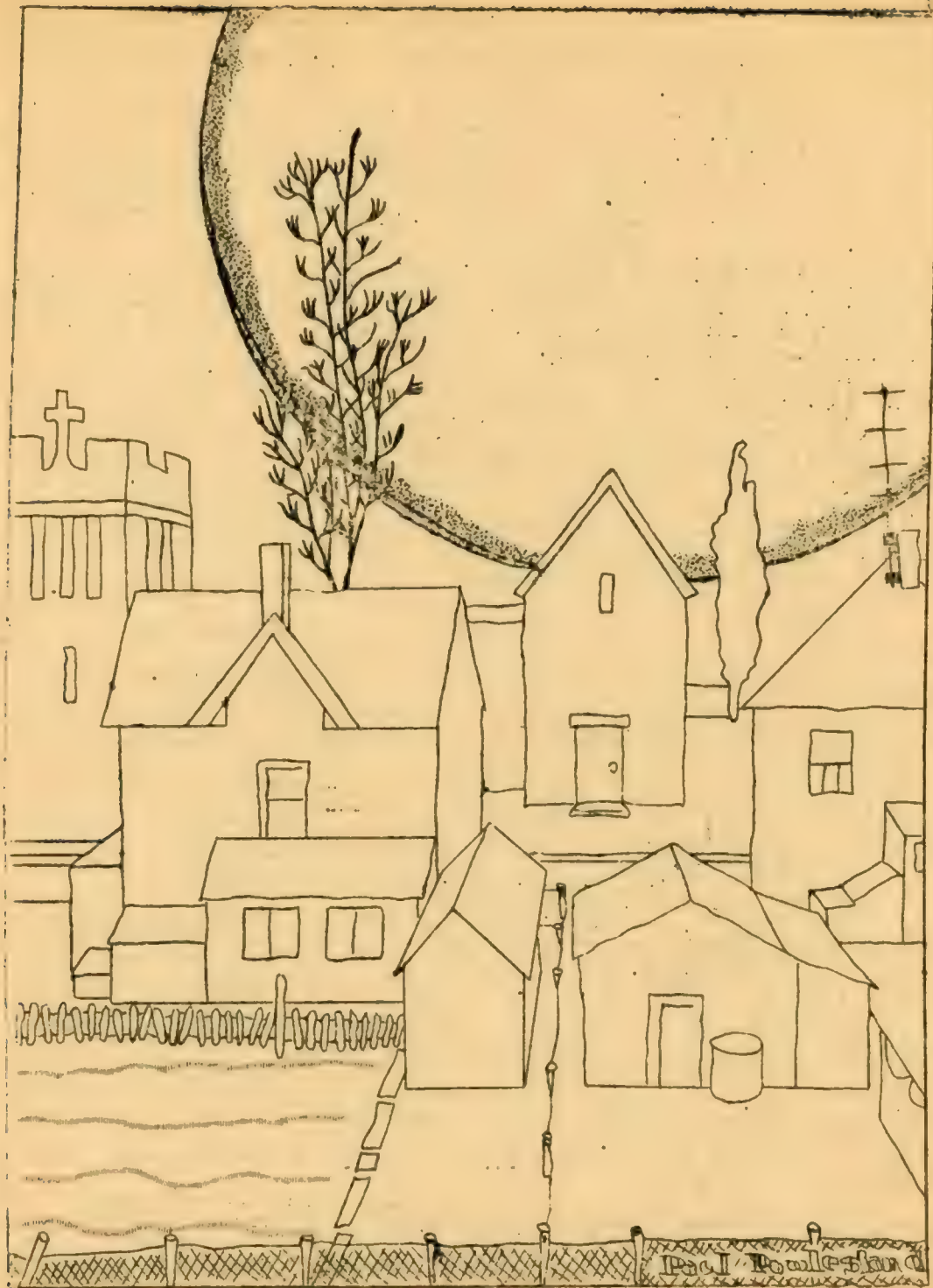


illustration this page by PAUL FOWLESLAND



"You did," she reminded him. "If you hadn't, my perfumist would have lost a customer."

"Perfumist? What does perfume have to do with this ridiculous--." He stopped short. There was something about that perfume.

The girl's eyes narrowed in speculation. This was most unusual. He had boarded the bus at that old house, and he seemed ignorant of the qualities of the perfume. Could it be that the old legends were true?

"Do you live in that old house where you got on the bus?" the girl asked.

"Yes, but it's not old--rather, it wasn't last night."

"I think you're a Visitor!" the girl exclaimed. "I never saw me, and I'm not quite sure they exist. But you seem to be---. Are you?"

"I'm not sure I follow you," Bert said. "I live in this town. Everything seems so crazy today."

The girl thought a moment. "You must be a Visitor," she said with finality. "Do you visit our world often?"

"For Heaven's sake, what are you talking about?" Bert cried.

"The legend has it that there are certain points where our world is connected with other worlds that co-exist with it. The tradition is that the old house where you got on the bus is one of those points. One who comes to our world from one of the other worlds is called a Visitor."

"Why doesn't someone investigate the house and find out?"

"Oh, they have, but they didn't find anything. Of course, they wouldn't know what to look for, anyway."

"Well, it's over my head," Bert sighed. "But I still love you. Is it mutual?"

"Of course not," the girl giggled, "Why, I don't even know y o u r name!"

"Well, it's Bert Arrows. But I don't know your either, and I love you!"

"It's the perfume. I guess you really don't know that there is an ingredient in it which stimulates the sex center of the male brain. All the girls use it."

"But why? If you were a hag or had buck-teeth or something, I could understand. But you're a nice-looking girl---beautiful, in fact. You don't need to use such methods."

"Oh, but I do," she assured him. "The women outnumber the men two to one here, and we're all beautiful."

"Do the men use anything like that?"

"Heavens, no. They don't need to. They just take their pick."

"It doesn't seem like they can do much picking if all the women use that devilish perfume. Why, they'd just fall for the first woman they see. And every other one, too. How could you have marriage? Do you practice polygamy?"

"Not so fast," the girl laughed. "The men take a neutralizer to protect themselves. If a man gets to know a girl and decides he wants to marry her, he takes a tablet that destroys the neutralizer and falls for the girl. But he only does that if they both agree to marriage. In that way, there's no chance of foolishly dashing into anything. Both parties keep cool heads."

"But why all the rigamarole? Why not just let nature take its course?"

"That's silly. Until about a hundred years ago, that's just the way it was, and people flocked to court to get divorces. Nowadays, divorce is unheard-of."

"That's a point," Bert admitted. "But that doesn't help me. I still love you, and I didn't have a Chinaman's Chance to do any clear thinking. Possibly you could tell me whether you plan to marry me. I want you to, you know."



"Why, I don't know yet," the girl said thoughtfully. "I suppose I will, eventually, but it isn't decent to say so right away. While I'm thinking it over, though, you might as well know my name. It's Karen Benoit."

"How long is it going to take for you to make up your mind, er-- Karen?"

"Oh, about ten or fifteen minutes. Do you want to take me to lunch while I decide?"

Bert wanted to, of course, so thirty minutes later, they were having coffee with their dessert in a nearby restaurant. "Give me your left hand," Karen said.

Bert extended the hand over the table, and Karen slipped a ring onto the third finger. It was a heavy gold ring with a large diamond. "I hereby announce my intention to marry you," Karen pronounced the words solemnly and then laughed. "You're hooked."

"I can't say that I mind it at all," Bert smiled. "But what if some other woman uses her chemical charms on me?"

Karen searched around in her handbag and handed him a small capsule. "Here's your neutralizer. Swallow it."

"But won't that cancel your advantage?" Bert said doubtfully.

"Oh, no," Karen assured him. "My perfume has done its work. As I said--you're hooked."

Bert obeyed silently, swallowing some water after the capsule. "Is it possible that some woman will have a perfume that will overcome the neutralizer?" Bert inquired curiously.

"Oh, yes, it's quite possible. If that happens, I shall kill her, of course," Karen said, matter-of-factly. "The law would protect me. Justifiable homicide, you know."

Startled momentarily, Bert mentally hoped nothing of the sort came up after he had married Karen. "Don't I get to kiss you to seal this little bargain?" Bert said.

For answer, Karen leaned over the table toward him. Their lips almost met, and then it was suddenly dark. Bert sat down with a jolt on the sidewalk. He looked around in terror. Karen was gone.

After he had collected his wits, Bert recognized his surroundings. The familiar city he had always known. It was dark. Bert glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch. The time was exactly midnight.

Bert walked home in a troubled state near to desperation. He approached his house and saw that it was no longer dilapidated, but in its usual good condition.

The clock in the house said 25:15, and his watch said 12:15. At least he knew now where the clock had skipped an hour, but there was much more he did not know. For instance, the interlude with the girl, the sunny day at midnight, and the love potion.

Bert had a theory ready and working, if only to serve as a defense mechanism against insanity. Of course, the answer was that he had fallen asleep and dreamed the whole thing. Then he had walked in his sleep, awaking outside. But he glanced down at his left hand, and the whole theory exploded in his face. He was wearing, on the third finger of his left hand, a heavy gold ring with a diamond setting.

Bert went to bed, but he lay awake puzzling over the mystery of the clock. Only one solution was plausible, and the evidence to support that conclusion was inescapable. His house was actually a junction point with another world. It further appeared that this junction opened only at midnight, permitting him an hour in the other world while time stood still in his own. His wristwatch had read midnight at the beginning of the weird journey, and it still read midnight at the end of it.



And as a final point of evidence, Bert was aware of a most intense longing for Karen.

This could become frustrating, Bert thought. Only an hour a day with Karen was far from satisfying. He felt that the wait until the following midnight would be unbearable. Suddenly, he sat up in the bed. But then, perhaps just turning the hands would do the trick!

He jumped up, dressed rapidly, and went into the living room. Sizing the clock, he turned the hour hand rapidly around until it approached twenty-four. A little more---and the sun was again shining into the room.

Bert dashed joyfully out the door, along the jagged walk, through the weed-overgrown yard. If he could only find her!

He got to the gate, then stopped short and looked around in confusion. Things were different.

The house and grounds inside his fence were as they had been on his last visit, but everything else had changed. The street was still there and the houses with their neat lawns, but something was lacking.

Bert walked through the gate and turned onto the sidewalk, looking around him with curiosity. He looked closely at the houses. Color! That was what was lacking. Walls and roofs appeared to be coated with some sort of dull-looking preservative, but there was no apparent color scheme. It made for a hopelessly dismal effect.

There was color in this strange city, to be sure. Brilliant color could be seen in the flowers that grew here and there on the lawns, but there was no color (or at least planned color) in man-made things.

Fascinated, Bert walked on, Karen forgotten for the moment. He heard a musical tinkling behind him. Turning, he saw that there was a "bus" approaching; but what a strange bus. It rolled along inches away from the sidewalk, and Bert could see that there was some type of smooth rail on the other side of the bus which confined it to a portion of the street only a little wider than the bus itself.

Driven by curiosity, Bert got on the bus. Again, there was no fare box, so Bert went to a seat and sat down. As he leaned back in the seat---a seat unusually comfortable for public transportation---there was a faint click, and a small metal box mounted on the back of the seat in front of him gave out with a singing commercial:

Lower prices, housewives rave;

Buy at BELLINGHAM'S and save!

The jingle ended and the music clicked off. Bert chuckled. Singing commercials, yet. Even here. Bert noticed, however, one unusual quality of this particular commercial. The music was beautiful. Not just pleasant, but actually beautiful.

He rested his arm on the armbar, and as he did so, his fingers rapidly brushed against a small card. Examining the card, he saw that it was plain white. No printing. Yes, there was something. Looking closely, he saw that there were different combinations of dots embossed on the surface of the card. It looked like Braille!

Looking around the bus, he realized that there were no advertising posters as were common in the buses of his own world. But there was a card mounted on every armrest.

A man was seated across the aisle from Bert. Bert's attention was quickly drawn to the book the man was holding. He was staring straight ahead, but his fingers were moving rapidly across the surface of the paper. As if he were blind and reading Braille.

Everything was adding up: the lack of color, the singing commercial and the embossed cards. Bert leaned across the aisle and touched the man's arm.

"I beg your pardon, but did you see that blue bird fly by just now?"

"Wh? What's that?" the man said.



"Did you see that blue bird?" Bert accented the words "see" and "blue".

"See? Blue?" the man was puzzled. "I don't understand those words."

"Is everyone in your world blind?" Bert said with more confidence.

"Blind? My dear man, you use many strange words."

"I'm sorry," Bert said, "Please forget it." He sat back in the bus seat, and the commercial played through again.

The man whom he had disturbed stood up and walked off the bus as it pulled up at the curb. He seemed to know where he was going by instinct, for he held on to nothing, and descended the steps rapidly.

Three seats behind Bert another man got up and moved forward to take the newly-vacated seat. "Pardon me, Sir," he said to Bert. "Can you really see?" The man was small and wrinkled, with snow white hair.

"Oh, then you understand the word," Bert said. "Yes, I can see."

"No," sighed the stranger, "I don't understand the word, but I know that it is the symbol for a sense which no one possesses today."

"If no one possesses the sense, how do you know that 'see' signifies a sense? And anyway, I possess the sense."

"That is why I want to talk to you," the stranger replied. "I am an historian. In my studies, I have come across a few references to a strange sense which our ancestors possessed before the Great Radiation. The books do not describe the sense, for the authors had no way of experiencing another sense, but it was called 'sight.' Where did you come from?"



STANDS FOR SCIENCE FICTION, BUT....

STANDS FOR SAN FRANCISCO ---

which we think is a kind of nice arrangement, since that's where the '54 World Science Fiction Convention is going to be held come this next Labor Day Weekend, September 4, 5, and 6. And in fact, for this year only, a two-for-the-price-of-one offer in which with every dollar you send to join the Convention Committee, you will get a free Westercon thrown in as extra incentive. We think it was nice of the Bay Area's "Little Men" to put their Westercon on the 3rd and invite down as Guest of Honor Jack (Beyond Mars) Williamson. Oh, yeah, by the way, for Guest of Honor at the 12th Annual World Con they've chosen a fellow name of Campbell, who publishes manuscripts not good enough for DIMENSIONS. Miss Karen Kruse, a girl, has sent us some rather interesting data on the SFcon among which we found such little items as that this is a FAN convention, not a pro convention, which should make the fans happy and the pros pout-ish. We also noticed that they've engaged The Sir Francis Drake hostelry, to add our joyous shouts of which we chortle, "Yahoo!" We think the SFD is one helluva classy hotel. Reservations can be made through: The 12th Annual SF Committee, Box 335, Station A, Richmond 2, California, which is very pleasant if you want a room. Frisco sidewalks are hard and butt-strewn. One dollar sent to the address above will get you all sorts of nice trophies of the SFcon such as a number in the Committee, a card with a picture on it, bulletins of how things are going, and perhaps even Miss Karen Kruse if you ask politely. There are all sorts of things we could-- if we had wind and pica--tell you about they're having, such as gin, rum and vodka (not necessarily in that order), but we'll just say that every notable that considers himself notable will be there, like Tony Boucher, or Algis Budrys, or Lyle Kessler, or Ray Bradbury, and even, since we so happily got number 2 on the listing, the author of this advertisement, he



"I'm afraid you wouldn't possibly believe me," Bert said.

"Oh, but I would. You see---and no one sees. No one has seen for thousands of years. Where did you come from?"

So Bert explained briefly how he came to be in this strange world. The old man was silent for a moment. Then he said, "What is it like to see?"

"Why--er," Bert stammered. "I don't know whether I can tell you or not. Light strikes an object and is reflected to your eyes. The optic nerve carries the image to the brain, and you see."

The old man shook his head. "It is hopeless, I'm afraid. It's like teaching calculus to a three year old. I had--."

"Wait," said Bert suddenly. "I think I can make you understand."

"How?"

"I am sitting across the aisle from you. I can not touch you. Now I shall tell you a few things about yourself. There are three buttons on your coat. There is a handkerchief in the breast pocket of the coat. You have a gold ring on your right hand. There is a thin scar on your right cheek."

"Amazing!" exclaimed the old man in astonishment. "Did you do that with this sense of sight?"

"Yes," Bert said, relieved that he had succeeded a little. "I could tell you other things, such as colors, but you would not be able to comprehend color."

"I did not understand when you said I had a 'gold' ring. We know it is a rare metal, but to describe how we can tell it is that metal and not another, you would have to know how our other sense have been immeasurably sharpened." The old man was trembling with excitement. "I had not thought it possible to understand a sense without possessing the sense! I still don't fully understand, but I can just barely grasp some slight idea of this wonderful sense of yours. The proverb of the ancients must really be true--'Heaven is a place of light and seeing.'"

"Er, I have to get off here," Bert said uncomfortably, rising from the seat as he spoke.

"God bless you, Stranger," the old man said. "Goodbye."

Bert got off the bus and found himself in a downtown section.

Suddenly he was concerned about Karen and realized that he had forgotten her. Looking around, he saw that another bus was approaching; it was heading in the direction from which he had come.

He got on the bus, hoping it would return him to his house. It did, in about ten minutes, and Bert hurried up the walk and into the house.

He turned the hour hand past twenty-five and the sun quit shining through the windows. He didn't know what to do. He wanted to see Karen, but it was beginning to look hopeless. Still, there was nothing to do but try again. He turned the hand to twenty-four, and the sun was making patterns on the rug.

He was almost sick with fear of failing again, but he went to the door and opened it. He was fascinated by what he saw.

Stepping outside, he saw that he was on the edge of a great lake. There were tall pine trees along the shore, and in the distance, beyond the lake and reflected in its calm surface was a huge mountain with silver clouds hanging about its summit.

Birds of gaily colored plumage flitted about in profusion. The shore of the lake was a riot of brightly colored flowers. Where his house had stood, there was only a tiny shack. It was no more than a fraction of the size of his living room.

Bert thought about this last detail. He stepped back through the door and he was in his living room--as large and spacious as ever. But he stepped out and there was a tiny shack made of rough-hewn lumber and pine branches. It was as if space expanded inside the shack, or as if



there was an entirely different frame of reference inside. Suddenly, a complete feeling of terror and insufficiency before the forced that had been guiding him, swept over Bert Arrows. He felt dwarfed and naked before the might of a Universe that could twist space like clay.

Then it was gone---as suddenly as it had come. Bert drank in the panorama that lay before him. This could happen only once in a lifetime. The sun was warm on the back of his neck as it bent down.

Succumbing to the temptation of the clear lake lying invitingly before him, Bert removed his clothes and walked toward the water. A balmy breeze caressed his bare skin. He stood for a moment at the water's edge and stretched luxuriously, the clear water mirroring his well-proportioned body.

He saw that the water was quite deep, even near the edge. He dived in and splashed around in the lake, then turned over and floated on his back. In a little while, he came out of the lake and threw himself down upon the grass and lay looking up at the clouds drifting slowly above--high up in the sky. He was soon very drowsy, and dropped off to sleep.

He had a rude awakening. "Hey, you there," an authoritative voice said as he felt a hand on his shoulder. "Are you all right?"

Startled, Bert sat up. It was dark, and he could see that he was sitting on his own front lawn, back in his own world. The intruder was a policeman. "What do you mean, lying on the lawn without a stitch of clothing in the wee hours of the morning? Get up!"

"I don't know what's going on," Bert said, shaking himself and looking around for his clothes. "I must have been walking in my sleep. I live here." He motioned toward the dark bulk of the house.

"I ought to run you in, but I'll let you go this time," the officer said. "You'd better get inside in a hurry."

Bert obliged only too quickly. In his own living room once more, he was intensely conscious of a desire to find Karen. The strange things he had seen had taken her place in his mind, but now he was frantic in his eagerness to get back to the world where he had found her. But it was beginning to look as if he would never see her again.

Then he had an inspiration. There were twenty-five numbers on the clock. So far, he had entered a different world each of the three times he had tried. Perhaps there was a cycle. There were odd forces working in that clock, with results and corollaries at which Bert could not even guess. Anything was liable to happen.

He took the clock and walked to the door. Opening it, he stood in the doorway and twisted the stem that moved the hands around. As the hand reached twenty-five, it was light outside. Bert saw only a barren desert wasteland with a scrubby little bush here and there.

Turning the hand around and around until it again reached twenty-four, he saw the familiar street, but the whole block was in raging and searing flames. He quickly turned past twenty-five.

Next, he saw his yard replaced by an impenetrable jungle that had choked in upon the house. Then the city was there again, but soldiers were fighting in the streets.

Again and again, the scene changed. Each time, Bert forced himself to go on turning the hands. His wrist was getting tired, and his thumb and forefinger were sore. He had lost count of the different multiple worlds he had glimpsed. There must have been more than twenty.

He was about ready to throw the clock down and give up, when he turned the hour hand to twenty-four and saw the old, now familiar weed-grown lawn. Looking across the lawn to the front gate, he saw--Karen!

He ran forward toward her, and she was in his arms, laughing and crying at the same time. Her eyes were red and swollen from much weeping.

"I thought I had lost you," she cried. "I've been coming here day



in and day out for two weeks, hoping to see you."

"Two weeks!" Bert exclaimed. "Why it hasn't been more than an hour or two!" In his world, that is, he thought, as an idea occurred to him. There must be a discrepancy between the two rates of time passage, when considered with relation to each other. Bert was startled as he realized the ratio was somewhere near 150 to 1. A year ago, she hadn't even been born!

When Karen calmed down Bert explained the situation as he understood it. "The problem now is how to go about getting married before you grow old and feeble," Bert finished up.

"Can't you stay in my world?" Karen said.

"I'm afraid not. Look what happened the last time I was here. The clock seems to control me," Bert snapped his fingers.

"The ring!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "It went back to my world with me. Perhaps you can, too."

"Oh, I hope so," Karen cried, brightening. "I couldn't stand seeing you only once every two weeks. You see, I found out that I love you, too, and no chemistry."

"Come on," Bert said, taking her hand. They went up the walk and into the house.

"So far, so good," Bert said. "Now I'm going to move the hand to 25:00. If you stay here in your own world, meet me in two weeks."

"But wait," Karen said. "When you disappeared two weeks ago, or a couple of hours to you, you found yourself in your own world with the ring--but without me! I'm afraid."

"I hadn't thought of that," Bert said slowly. "But you're here in the house with me now."

"Yes, but the hour isn't up," Karen reminded him.

"I've got a theory on that," Bert thought a moment. "I think perhaps I understand," he said. "It may be weak and all wrong, but it's all the chance we've got. At the time, you had given me the ring, but you hadn't given yourself. Now your actions indicate that you love me; so, technically, you have now given yourself and can remain in my world. At least, I hope that's the way it is. There are some pretty weird forces in the laws between these worlds. So that's as logical as anything, I guess." He shrugged hopelessly.

"Oh, Bert, I don't know what we're going to do!" Karen fretted.

"Well, I do," Bert retorted determinedly. "Let's go." He got the clock down from the mantel. "I'm going to move the hand to 25:00 now. If you don't come through with me, keep looking for me."

Karen mustered up her courage and squeezed his hand. "All right--I'm ready." She held her breath.

Bert turned the hand to twenty-five. He whistled with relief. Karen was still at his side. He glanced out the window. It was dark outside. He smiled at Karen. "Next stop, City Hall."

"What for?" Karen asked.

"Why, to get a marriage license, of course," he laughed.

"You need a license to get married? How silly."

"There may be a lot of things in my world that you think are silly," Bert said. "But I hope you don't get to yearning for your own world--because if that clock is the key to it, the gate to your world will soon be locked forever."

"What are you going to do?" Karen said fearfully.

"Why, destroy the clock. I don't trust it, and I'm afraid of losing you."

"Oh, please don't do anything to the clock! I'm afraid something--something terrible might happen!" Karen cried.

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't know. Just a feeling I have."



A few days later, they were married in a quiet little wedding. After a two-week honeymoon at Lake Tamoloc, the nearest area to the lake Bert had swum in, in that other world, Bert took his bride home. He had not touched the clock, but he had been unable to quiet the thoughts he found kept coming to the surface of his mind.

He was afraid of the clock. He was determined to destroy it in spite of his wife's terror when he brought up the subject.

One afternoon Karen was out of the house when Bert came home from work. It was an inviting opportunity to get rid of the clock with a minimum of fuss. He took the clock down into the basement, placed it in the vise which was mounted on his workbench and dealt the clock a mighty blow with the hammer. The hammer glanced off with a resounding ring, but the clock did not suffer a scratch.

No amount of pounding did the slightest damage. Bert's fear of the clock was slowly turning to terror.

The next day, Karen was cooking supper when Bert came in. He managed to slip a large package into the living room without her seeing it. He set it behind the sofa and went into the kitchen.

"Hi!" he said brightly. "Kiss your husband, Mrs. Arrows."

"You're late," Karen said, kissing him lightly. "Work?"

"No--just a little errand I had to do before I came home."

Later in the evening, Bert pretended to an interest in a novel he was reading and persisted in sitting up until Karen yawned and went into the bedroom. He sat reading for a half hour more, and then got the package from behind the sofa.

Bert moved the package into the kitchen and took off the paper. He got out a large pottery casserole dish and poured it full of the acid. Then he went back and got the clock.

"Bert, dear!" Karen called sleepily. "Aren't you coming to bed?"

"In a moment," he called, and quickly took the clock into the kitchen. He let it slip into the bowl of acid. In a moment, bubbles began to hiss to the surface of the liquid, and brown fumes arose from the bowl. The clock began to dissolve.

The house rang with Karen's terror-stricken scream.

"Karen!" Bert shouted, rushing into the bedroom. He fumbled with the light switch. Finding it, he switched on the light.

He stared in horror at the bed. Karen's nightgown lay stretched out upon the bed. Empty. He ran out and began looking through the entire house, calling, "Karen! Karen, darling!"

But he glanced at his left hand and knew he wouldn't find her. The ring had disappeared. He sank into a chair, moaning in anguish.

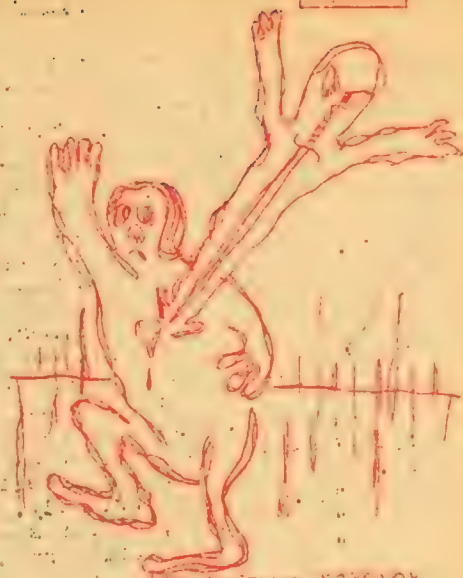
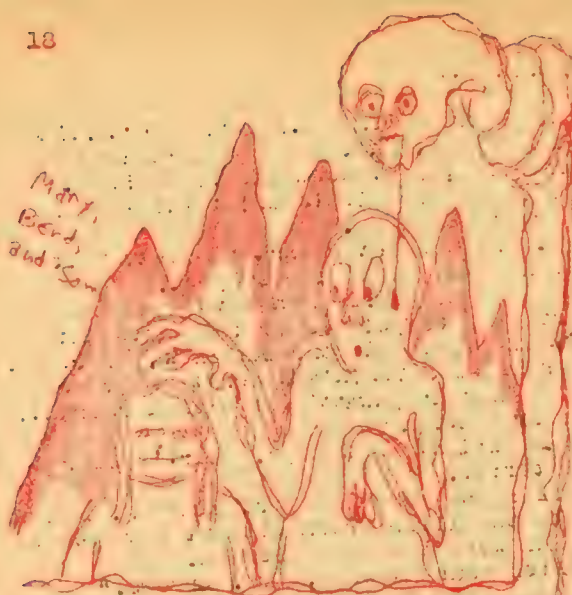
In the kitchen, the brown fumes gradually thinned out and disappeared, and the gently boiling surface of the liquid in the bowl became smooth and calm.

THE END  
of a novelette  
by  
Charles W. Ryan

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Ryan, whose talent is too obvious to comment upon, is now at work on a number of serious novels, to be published by one of New York's major publishing firms. In addition, he is now finishing a novel length serial for DIMENSIONS entitled "Drums In Madison Square" which will appear here very soon. It is a work of quite unusual proportions and attributes. No more comment---just more Ryan..he



Mary,  
Bern,  
and Son



THE SWINGING VERNACULAR

EDITOR'S NOTE: after a somewhat restful abstinence from the particular brand of madness have English dishes up so prettily, we have decided to again give you the de in some of his lighter and more insanity-pro-yoking efforts. the art on these pages is getting no and no intellectual, so we thought it fitting to alter the title somewhat: for the initial reaction to de to the Greenell-spawned word "cradle" which makes up the bulk of this issue's column, see the letter column this time. ....he



"I couldn't swear for certain, but I

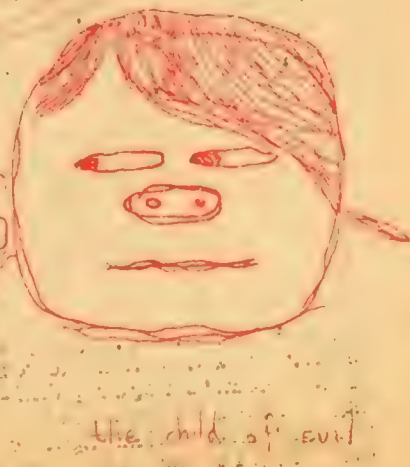
think this is that disgusting thing called

LINT FROM AN INTELLECHUL'S

BELLY - BUTTON

by that madman  
who signs him-  
self with two  
initials  
such as

(being DAVID ENGLISH)



the child of evil



"Works like this are as a mirror; if an ass looks in,  
you cannot expect an Angel to look out...."

—Lichtenberger

"Wer nie sein Brot mit Krüdel ass,  
"Wer nie die krüdelvollen Nächte..."

—Goethe

In this magazine, an issue or so ago, Dean Grennell, (the delightful columnist) put "creadle" in the public eye. You can readily imagine the excitement this gave rise to on the part of the public. Mr. Grennell has truly said that the word will replace the now-stale "crud". Actually it will but reclaim a position, long-denied, which it once held. Students of philology will immediately recognize that marvelous German word "Krüdel". English speaking peoples, being largely uninitiated into the mysteries of the umlaut, this word soon came to be pronounced "cruddle", and was later shortened to "crud". It seems all earthly splendour is bound to come out crud in the end. It is pleasant to note that in this Best of All Possible Universes, the matter does not end thus—that it eventually becomes creadle once more.

For the benefit of those who may be "Krüdelieber" I have compiled

#### THE LITTLE TREASURY OF CREADLE

Some creadle each day keeps the doctor away.

—Anonymous

If the poor have no bread, let them eat creadle!

—Marie Antoinette

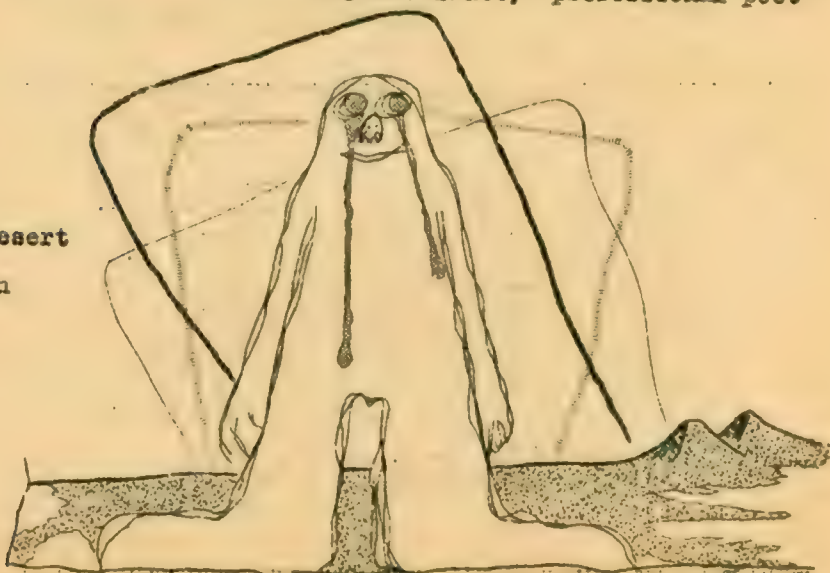
An apricot ape in a common sewer  
Plucked creadle from twixt his toes  
And wearing the air of a connoisseur  
He wafted it under his nose.

—Pedro Snatt, "professional poet"

(right)

Edward in the desert

by David English





How far yon creadle throws its reek—

So shines a good deed in a naughty world. —The Merchant of Venice:  
Act V, Scene 1

creadle up a lit-tul closer, larvae mine... creadle up and be my lit-  
tul con-cue-byne. —Anonymous Ancient Ballad

Κρίσεται ἡμῶν πάντων.

—Greek proverb

Out of the creadle endlessly rocking...

—Walt Whitman

S'io cridlesse che mia risposta fosse  
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo...

—Dante

"There is no God truly worthy of worship!" declared Sophocles Smith, the  
sophist.

"Of course, there must have been a creator; as the religious say, the entire universe is witness to this fact. However, is this creator worthy of worship; nay, for there is surely one greater than he—some one who created him. Cause sui is an obvious absurdity. Then may we worship this creator's creator? No! for he too was created. And so this chain of creators continues, infinitely, never-endingly into the most distant reaches of time—but we can worship none of them, for there is no ultimate to whom we can offer up our prayers, our faith, without offending a still greater being!

"Now take that collection plate away and let me sleep!"

\* \* \*

This column, poor as it is, is dedicated to Harlan Ellison, who was kind enough to stop here for a visit on his way to Canada. It was a very interesting and pleasant experience—though now I shall always have to walk on the East side of Main St in order to avoid a certain grocery store.

—DAVID ENGLISH

HERE THERE BE BRADBURY by STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS—

Sometimes I thank my lucky stars

That I'm not stuck on a place like Mars.

A sandy planet with plenty of grit.

And stinking canals on the face of it.

Not only that, but hot dog stands

To bury garbage out in the sands.

And spindly goops in silver masks

Getting perfectly plastered from so-blue flasks.

And hot hick towns with loony bins

And amnesiac picknickers strewing tins.

It's a miserable dump, a lousy berth

Thank God Ray Bradbury is not on Earth!

-----March 15, 1963



# FLETCHER PRATT

The story behind the Harold Shea stories is this: Shea is a synthetic product, but a product of what we hope is an intelligent synthesis.

Way back before the whole business started, I met L. Sprague a t one of the sessions of the Naval War Game, where we used to r u n little model ships around the floor and torpedo each other. About that time he produced "Lest Darkness Fall", a hell of a good book. Me, I hadn't written anything in the fiction field for seven years, and I thought a guy who could do stuff like that and had a common interest in history and legend, maybe we could do something together. So I got hold of him, and suggested we collaborate.. H e agreed.

When you are going to collaborate, what do you collaborate on? We spent a couple of days talking it over. I think it was my idea that we put our leading character into the Eddas; I read Icelandic and am familiar with that background. I think it was his idea that we put our leading character there by means of symbolic logic and Boolean algebra, which I had never heard of at the time. Again, I think it was my idea that we use the symbolic logic to change the means of perception and apperception, so that what you see and feel must be true.

Anyway, that was the start. We talked things over, and decided that we were going to land our character in the Eddas. But: the most important thing about any story of this sort is not to define what the character can do, but what he can't. Being already i n possession of modern techniques and knowledge, he would be so far ahead of anybody that he'd be a super-super-super magician, i n fact, a Superman, and there wouldn't be any game, because nobody would know how to play against him.

However (it occured to us) he might not be so super after all. If you went back in a time-machine to the 12th century and tried to make a radio tube - even if you were a good radio tube maker - you couldn't do it. You would have no copper wire; you would have no source of electricity; you would be unable with any technique to make an evacuated tube.

But if this is true, then it is also true that in any past epoch you are controlled not only by the techniques, but the thinking of the epoch. That is, your matches won't work, because nobody has discovered the properties of sulphur and phosphorus, and therefore they're legendary. But magic will work, because everybody h a s discovered the properties of magic; magic being something t h e modern world has neglected because it has found easier and more certain methods of accomplishing the same results.

This was the idea L. Sprague de Camp and I started with. As I re-

## THE INSIDE STORY OF THE HAROLD SHEA NOVELS!



member it (subject to his correction) we spent two or three days discussing this business, then worked out the line of a story. He went home and prepared a first draft. It was not altogether a success, because he got to a point where he sent it to me and said: "Fletcher, for God's sake, get them out of this jam. I can't think what they ought to do next." I did; but about three pages further on I was sending it back with: "Sprague, for Heaven's sake, get them out of this jam. I can't think what to do next."

Now one point of this is that out of these repeated changes, we had gradually to work out a firm characterization for Harold Shea; we couldn't let him be just Superman, stopping bullets with his bare hands, but we couldn't let him be a dope, either. He had to be pretty smart, but also he had to learn the rules of the game he was in before he could play them any way except by ear. Also, Shea had to be permitted a couple of abilities. Everybody has a couple of abilities; me, I can cook like hell, and maybe you play a red hot game of chess. This is normal and human.

Anyhow, this is how the character of Harold Shea developed in writing about him. We had a character, and he came alive on us. Then the first Shea story "The Roaring Trumpet" was quite a success, and John Campbell wanted a sequel. But (he said) keep hands off all the classical stories other people are writing fantasy about, like the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey," so Sprague and I thought up one nobody had tried to wrap a science fiction or fantasy story around, because damn few people have read it - Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Well, that worked out dandy, because it was full of magic with rules of its own, and good characters, and lots of action you could play with.

So then we picked up another relatively unknown epic, the "Orlando Furioso." You can see puppet shows based on it in Italian districts, but few people who don't read Italian know about it. That was "Castle of Iron," and it probably would have been published in magazine form if "Unknown" hadn't folded.

Then things stood still for a long while. There wasn't any market for fantasy. Finally, Lester del Rey brought out his fantasy magazine, as as we both knew Lester, he asked us whether maybe there couldn't be a new Shea story. So we picked another area of legend that few people know about, the Finnish epic "Kalevala."

It seemed to go all right. Now we're working on another one.

That's the story of the genesis of the Harold Shea stories.

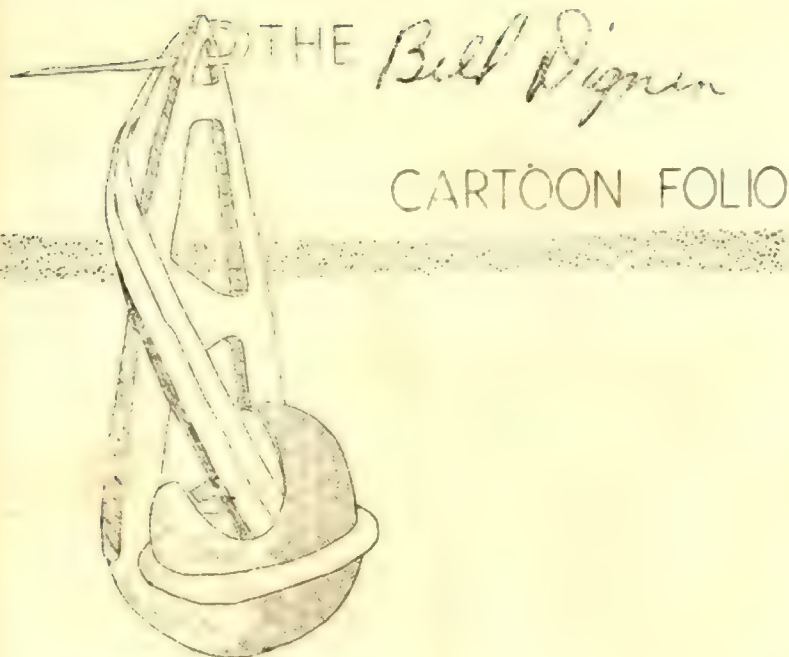
*Fletcher Pratt*

## HYPOTHESIS, INC.

next issue begins one of the most unusual ideas in a fanzine column in a Universe of mimeographed non-conformism.

you have gotten some pretty divergent ideas from the pages of the old SFJ and now the new DIMENSIONS, but we think we have in store for you a real thousand-volt shocker. HYPOTHESIS, INC. I would venture, is a startler from the word STAR. we're awfully proud of HYPOTHESIS, INC. and have gone to a lot of trouble to deck it out in proper order. the readers will be the mainstay of the column, and this is one reader-feature that will never be at a loss for contributions. prizes will be the choice of manuscripts from DIMENSIONS. don't try to pump the nature of HYPOTHESIS, INC. from this appetite-whetter, it's completely new!





THE *Bill Dignin*

## CARTOON FOLIO

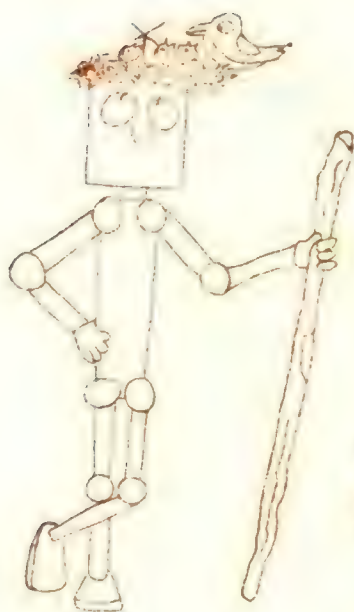
### CONCERNING BILL DIGNIN'S ARTWORK:

An unusually dextrous blend of ink and paper, combining out-of-the-way facets of robotology that just as cleverly point up aspects of Homo Sapien, Bill Dignin's cartoons are a mad conglomeration of surrealism, abstract-ism, and downright cartooning. His delineation of line can be construed as nothing more than an oversteering flighty devil-may-care attitude, which convinces one that he cares much, much more for the effect, than the quality his work evokes. And for effect he strives continuously. In the enclosed folio, you will see a group of Dignin's most adroit work to date. We see great things ahead for Bill, but we must warn you in passing to disperse all preconceived notions as to what cartooning should be. For Dignin's cartooning is a sloppy mish-mosh of wondrous stuff reflective of Dignin as it can be. For Dignin's cartoons are like Bill: effervescent.

.....1



"I think he has a  
screw loose."

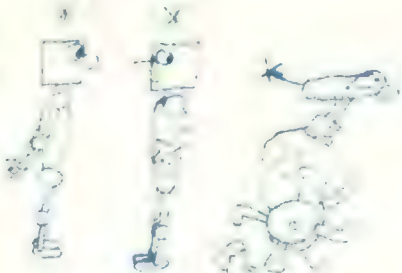
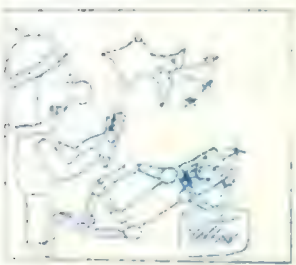
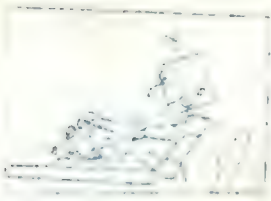
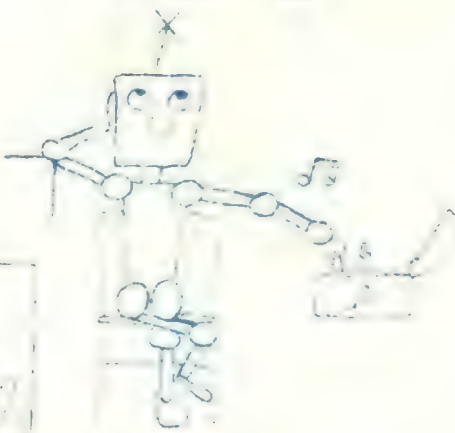
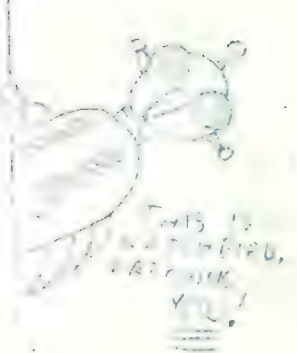


"Quick, Henry,  
the flit!"



"Get that floating crap-game the hell out  
of here!"





"He's a robot!"









The first of the three  
 The first of the three



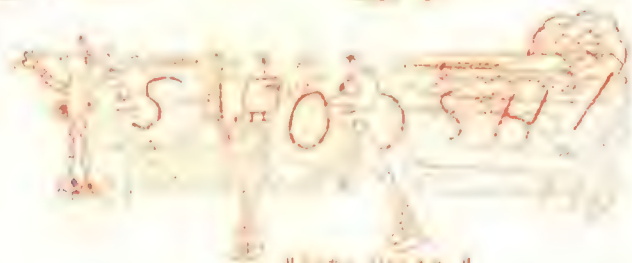




"What's the  
price on this  
one, huh?"



"Isn't this red one?"



"Just units."





"YOU'VE GOT A  
CAVITY"

As a keynote, as a summation and emphasis on the Dignin talent, the next page presents the most very favorite of the editor's selection of Digninania. The cartoon emphasises the sublime ridiculousness of man. Max--pure and simple, which is basically what Bill's punch relies, happily, upon. Dignin has the quality of all great portrayals of the animal man. He can reduce him to his simplest and most common denominators. We hope this folio has pleased and entertained you. Let the message of the cartoon on the next page remain the thought for today.

.....he





HALO

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Shapiro  
(just t<sup>h</sup> a once)

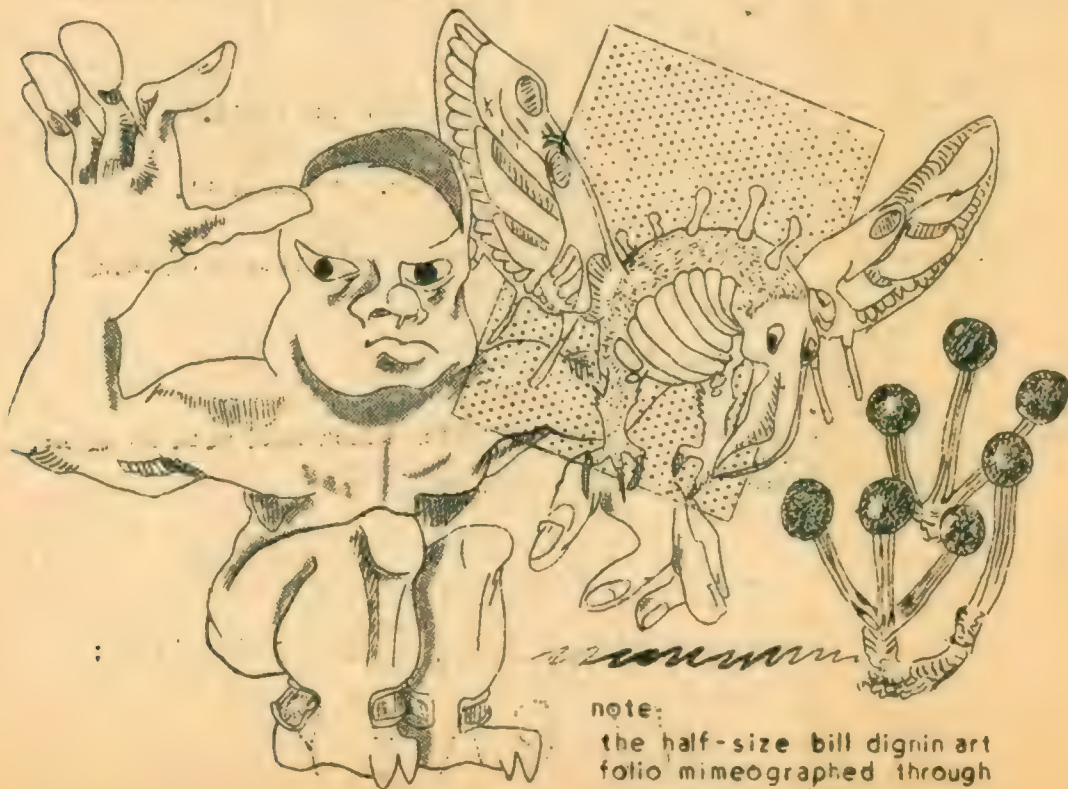
illustration by Jack Harness

Well, lads and lassies, Harlan served up a double ringer of HALO last issue and, because of that and various other items, this installment must necessarily be fairly short.

Being married for 38 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours (as this is written) is not exactly conducive to good writing. So, as we sit on the edge of a bed in Harlan's room, wiping the sleep from our collective eyes, we feel that there is not much that we can write which would be of interest to readers. Anyway, every bit of material for HALO and other items lies deep in the Missouri hills.

We just want to state that this change in the marital status of Hal(o) Shapiro will not make any difference so far as the writings of either fan is concerned. That this particular installment of this particular SMB column is different we do not deny. But, dammit, how would you feel if you had just been married 38 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours and Ellison demanded your HALO before he would allow you to leave his apartment?

---Hal and Nancy



note:  
the half-size bill dignin art  
folio mimeographed through  
the courtesy of david ish....

You live there in the huge ship--  
 falling, falling, falling.  
 You've had eighteen years of free fall. The ship  
 continues and the heavens change and the ship drops through space.  
 Down, down.  
 Your heart feels as if it is in your mouth, and your insides  
 float around within you.  
 Your blood is circulating through your veins,  
 but going nowhere. Going nowhere--  
 at the speed of light.

There is a hole in space and you plunge  
 to the bottom. And  
 somewhere down there ahead in that deep chasm of space is  
 a star, Proxima Centauri. It's the nearest star, separated from  
 Earth only by space, a vacuum--  
 nothing.

Yet Time flows  
 between. Time is there,  
 struggling to hold men back. Still the rocket cuts  
 through--at 186,000 miles per scant second.

Home is far removed, erased from your memory by time and space--  
 tremendous space. You dream  
 of home,  
 but you cannot think.

You try  
 to remember. "Back there is a world, green and whole,"  
 where?

"In the sky. A pinpoint. There," you point  
 your finger, "that's it." And you wonder. "That light.  
 That's my home---where my folks live."

but  
 do they live? Do they even exist? In all of space everything  
 exists, yet nothing does. Nothing but  
 you and a memory---and you're falling.

You try to remember the good times,  
 your childhood,  
 the sunlight.  
 Yet there you are out in space---a pitch black well with no light,  
 blacker than sin.  
 And you go falling as your long journey  
 continues.

written and illustrated by Joe Belotte:

# JOURNEY



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A  
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OF  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY

Virgil Finlay

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# "I SORT OF LIKE THINGS THAT SCARE ME!"

says ARTHUR J. BURKS in one of the baker's dozen stories in his new (all new) anthology---

## LOOK BEHIND YOU

a collection of thirteen tales of horror, adventure, science fiction and the supernatural; a collection of tales that will cause shivers and chills, and not a few chuckles. One warning, though; Mr. Burks knows that there is a minimum of two sexes so some purists may be shocked!

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Buffalo, N.Y.

ADVERTISING NOTE: since the 200 readers of this magazine are the very best possible readers of science fiction advertisements (i.e. readers, without question, of s-f), we have decided to raise the cost of advert space in DIMENSIONS. A full-page is now \$3.00, with either your own layout or one of our staff doing it. We aren't too anxious, but the space is unquestionably valuable. We'd rather use it for material, but neither will refusal be too vociferous to long green waved beneath our collectively grubby little noses. We'll take a max of two ads per ish



"Oh, tell me, Mr. Smith, what are the flying saucers?"

## VOICE FROM THE STYX

A renewal of the Editor's column of quixotic comment.



The little jingerdoodle to the left is the work of California's artist par excellence, Mel Hunter; it was done over a piping cup of Philadelphia's Bellevue-Stratford's savory coffee. Mr. Hunter, a gentleman with a thin scrub of moustache and a rather fantastic flair for the air-brush, has been seen a goodly portion of times here and there on the s-f scene, and most lately on the cover of Winston's-- I can't for the life of me remember the title that was clapped on the thing---new anthology for kids. I'd like you to take a look at that antho when it hits your bookstore. The cover is anatomically as corrupted as imaginable and the contents are unbelievable. I was talking to Les del Rey, one of its

three editors, and he hid both his heads in shame over the thing. Quite a novelty as an anthology. One that was known to be a clinker before a reader had pawed it. I'm absolutely skittish waiting to see the blasts it gets from the reviewers.

**NEWS BITS FROM ALL OVER:** A Detroit Con July 3-4-5 at the Hotel Detroit will feature as one of the speakers, a certain lad posturing as Harlan Ellison. Of all the folks to contact to speak, why did Rog Sims pick me? Well, he's in the soup now. ... in "The Petrified Planet" issued from Twcyne some time ago, the title **ULLER UPRISING** should have been "Ullr" without the "e", from the Norse god of the same name. ... Les del Rey, by the way, plots all the Winston juveniles but those by Raymond F. Jones. ... Personal interview with del Rey: Ellison-Are you color blind? Del Rey-Yes, there are certain portions of the infra-red I see with difficulty. ... Our boy Dave Ish wrote Sam Mines of the Standard Pubs to ask if he could do a fan review column for **STARTLING**. You'll find the text of the letter in our letter section (boxed) for widespread edification. It is interesting to note, in passing, that Mr. Ish wound up doing the review column for **DIMENSIONS**. You'll find it elsewhere herein. ... "Shanadu" edited by Robert Briney, \$1.00 from SSR Publications, 119 Ward Road, N. Tonawanda, NY, reviewed in the book section is recommended to all lovers of spilled intestines. ... Willis' **ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR** (also reviewed in book section) recommended to every single pair of eyes reading this. Magnificent piece of whimsy. ... Jim Schreiber's **TESSERACT PUBLICATIONS** folded afore it begun. Kaphutt! due to any number of circumstances. ... Paul Faiman's novella "Deadly City" was allegedly sold to an unnamed movie company by Forry Ackerman. Note the "allegedly". We hate law suits. ... **VEGA** dead. Sob!

**THOUGHT FOR THIS PARTICULAR 24-HOUR ROTATIONAL PERIOD:** when we began justifying the right-hand edge of our letters out of habit from doing it on the old **SFB** and **DIMENSIONS**, we got the following from one Dick Clarkson: "Jesus! Even in your letters you practise justifying margins! Calkins occasionally takes a look at a paragraph and sees that accidentally he has justified and then makes a big who-struck-John about it, but you are the ultimate! The last word in a fanpubber. concluded page 39



VENABLE



# FALCONS

## of NARRABEDLA



beginning a FIVE PART SERIES of a world where exotic death and fantastic adventures wait for a cast of characters as original and extraordinary as science fiction has ever introduced. We proudly present your most flamboyant adventure into the fantasy field --- Marion Bradley's finest effort to date.

Artwork by BILL VETABIE

MARION Z. BRADLEY

## FALCONS OF NARABEDLA by

Marion Z. Bradley

CHAPTER ONE: Voltage -- From Nowhere!

Somewhere on the crags above us I heard a big bird scream.

I turned to Andy, knee-deep in the icy stream beside me. "There's your eagle. Probably smells that cougar I shot yesterday." I started to reel in my line, knowing what my young brother's next move would be. "Get the camera, and we'll try for a picture."

We crouched together in the underbrush, watching, as the big bird of prey wheeled down in a slow spiral toward the dead cougar. Andy was trembling with excitement, the camera poised against his chest, his eyes glued in the image-finder. "Golly --" he whispered, almost prayerfully, "Six foot wing spread---maybe more---"

The bird screamed again, warily, head cocked into the wind. We were to leeward; the scent of the carrion masked our enemy smell from him. The eagle failed to scent or to see us, swooping down and dropping on the cougar's head. Andy's camera clicked twice. The eagle thrust in its beak---

A red-hot wire flared in my brain. The bird-- the bird-- I leaped out of cover, running swiftly across the ten-foot clearing that separated us from the attacking eagle, my hand tugging automatically at the knife in my belt. Andy's shout of surprised anger was a faraway noise in my ears as the eagle started away with flapping, angry wings---then, in fury, swept down at me, pinions beating around my head. I heard and felt the wicked beak dart in and I thrust upward blindly with the knife, ripped, slashing, hearing the bird's scream of pain and the flapping of wide wings. A red haze spun around me---

Then the screaming eagle was gone and Andy's angry grip was on my shoulder, shaking me roughly. His voice, furious and frightened, was hardly recognizable. "Mike! Mike, you darned idiot, are you all right? You must be crazy!"

I blinked, rubbing my hand across my eyes. The hand came away wet. I was standing in the clearing, the knife in my hand red with blood. It was bird blood. I heard myself ask, stupidly, "What happened?"

My brother's face came clear out of the thickness in my mind, scowling wrathfully. "You tell me what happened! Mike, what in the devil were you thinking about? You told me yourself that an eagle will attack a man if he's bothered. I had him square in the camera when you jumped out of there like a bat out of a belfry, and went for the eagle with your knife! You must be clean crazy!"

I let the knife drop out of my hand. "Yeah--" I said heavily, "Yeah, I guess I spoiled your picture, Andy. I'm sorry-- I didn't---" My voice trailed off, helpless. The boy's hand was still on my shoulder; he let it drop and knelt in the grass, groping there for his camera. "That's all right, Mike," he said in a dead voice, "You scared the day-lights out of me, that's all." He stood up swiftly, looking straight into my face. "Darn it, Mike, you've been acting crazy for a week! I don't mind the blamed camera, but when you start going for eagles with your bare hands---" abruptly he flung the camera away, turned, and began to run down the slope in the direction of the cabin.

I took a step to follow, then stopped, bending to retrieve the broken pieces of Andy's cherished camera. The kid must have hit the eagle with it. Lucky thing for me; an eagle can be a mean bird. But why, why in the living hell had I done a thing like that? I'd warned Andy time and again to stay clear of the big birds. Now that the urgency of the



action had deserted me, I felt stupid and a little light-headed. I didn't wonder Andy thought I was crazy. I thought so myself more than half the time. I stowed the broken camera in my tackle box, mentally promising Andy a better one; hunted up the abandoned lines and poles, carefully stowed them, cleaned our day's catch. It was dark before I started for the cabin; I could hear the hum of the electric dynamo I'd rigged up and see the electric light across the dusk of the Sierras. A smell of bacon greeted me as I crossed into the glare of the unshielded bulb. Andy was standing at the cookstove, his back stubbornly to me. He did not turn. "Andy--" I said.

"It's okay, Mike. Sit down and eat your supper. I didn't wait for the fish."

"Andy-- I'll get you another camera--"

"I said it's okay. Now, damn it, eat."

He didn't speak again for a long time; but as I stretched back for a second mug of coffee, he got up and began to walk around the room, restlessly. "Mike--" he said entreatingly, "You came here for a rest! Why can't you lay off your everlasting work for a while and relax?" He looked disgustedly over his shoulder at the work table where the light spilled over a confused litter of wires and magnets and coils. "You've turned this place into a branch office of General Electric!"

"I can't stop now!" I said violently. "I'm on the track of something-- and if I stop now I'll never find it!"

"Must be real important," Andy said sourly, "If it makes you act like bughouse bait."

I shrugged without answering. We'd been over that before. I'd known it when they threw me out of the government lab, just after the big blowup. I thought, angrily, I'm heading for another one, but I don't care. "Sit down, Andy," I told him. "You don't know what happened down there. Now that the war's over, it's no military secret, and I'll tell you what happened."

I paused, swallowing down the coffee, not knowing that it scalded my mouth. "That is-- I will if I can."

Six months before they settled the war in Korea, I was working in a government radio lab, on some new communications equipment. Since I never finished it, there's no point in going into details; it's enough to say it would have made radar as obsolete as the stagecoach. I'd built a special supersonic condenser, and had had trouble with a set of magnetic coils that wouldn't wind properly. When the thing blew up I hadn't had any sleep for three nights, but that wasn't the reason. I was normal then; just another communications man, intent on radio and this new equipment and without any of the crazy impractical notions that had lost me my job later. They called it overwork, but I knew that they thought the explosion had disturbed my brain. I didn't blame them. I would have liked to think so.

(continued next page)

voice from the styx concluded from page thirty-five

...We will miss you when, one day, sooner or later you'll miss a guess and come out without enough spaces. You'll quietly go slap-happy and fandom will raise a monument in your name: "To Harlan Ellison, Who, Having nothing better to do, Always justified margins."

He missed.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE. " "

... Closer to the illness would be "space"-happy, not slap-happy, but the chances of me missing are pretty far removed and remote. 0000oops...I, uh, that is, uh, please don't look at that line...he

It started one day in the lab with a shadow on the sun and an elusive short-circuit that gave me shocks after shock till I was jittery. By the time I had it fixed, the oscillator had gone out of control. I got a series of low-frequency waves that were like nothing I'd ever seen before. Then there was something like a voice speaking out of a very old, jerry-rigged amateur radio set. Except that there wasn't a receiver in the lab, and no one else had heard it. I wasn't sure myself, because right then every instrument in the place went haywire and five minutes later part of the ceiling hit the floor and the floor went up through the roof. They found me, they say, lying half-crushed under a beam, and I woke up eighteen hours later in a hospital with four cracked ribs, and a feeling as if I'd had a lot of voltage poured into me. It went in the report that I'd been struck by lightning.

It took me a long time to get well. The ribs healed fast-- faster than the doctor liked. I didn't mind the hospital part, except that I couldn't walk without shaking, or light a cigarette without burning myself, for months. The thing I minded was what I remembered before. I woke up. Delirium; that was what they told me. But the kind and type of scars on my body didn't ring true. Electricity---even freak lightning---doesn't make that kind of burns. And my corner of the world doesn't make a habit of branding people.

But before I could show the scars to anybody outside the hospital, they were gone. Not healed; just gone. I remembered the look on the medic's face when I showed him the place where the scars had been. He didn't think I was crazy; he thought he was.

I knew the lab hadn't been struck by lightning. The Major knew it too; I found that out the day I reported back to work. All the time we talked, his big pen moved in stubby circles across the page of his log-book, and he talked without raising his head to look at me.

"I know all that, Kenscott. No electrical storms reported in the vicinity; no radio disturbance within a thousand miles. But--" his jaw grew stubborn, "the lab was wrecked and you were hurt. We've got to have something for the record."

I could understand all that. What I resented was the way they treated me after I went back to work. They transferred me to another division and another line of work. They turned down my request to follow up those non-typical waves. My private notes were ripped out of my notebook while I was at lunch and I never saw them again. And as soon as they could, they shipped me to Fairbanks, Alaska, and that was the end of that.

The Major told me all I needed to know, the day before I took the plane to Alaska. His scowl said more than his words, and they said plenty. "I'd let it alone, Kenscott. No sense stirring up more trouble.

"We can't bother with side allays, anyhow. Next time you monkey with it, you might get your head blown off; not just a dose of stray voltage out of the blue. We've done everything but stand on our heads trying to find out where that spare energy came from-- and where it went. But we've marked that whole line of research closed, Kenscott. If I were you, I'd keep my mouth shut about it."

"It wasn't a message from Mars," I suggested unsmiling, and he didn't think that was funny either. But there was relief on his face as I left the office and went to clean out my drawer.

I got along all right in Alaska, for a while. But I wasn't the same. The armistice had hardly been signed when they sent me back to the States with a recommendation of overwork. I tried to explain it to Andy. "They said I needed a rest. Maybe so. The shock did something funny to me... tore me open... like the electric shock treatments they give catatonic patients. I know a lot of things I never learned. Ordinary radio work doesn't mean anything to me anymore... It doesn't make



sense. When people out west were talking about flying saucers or whatever they were---and when they talked about weather disturbances after the atomic tests, things did make sense for a while. And when we came down here---" I paused, trying to fit confused impressions together. He wasn't going to believe me, anyhow, but I wanted him to. A tree slapped against the cabin window; I jumped. "It started up again the day that we got to the mountains. Energy out of nowhere, following me around. It can't knock me out. Have you noticed I've let you turn the lights on and off? The day we came up, I shorted my electric razor and blew out five fuses trying to change one."

"Yeah, I remember, you had to drive to town for them--" My brother's eyes watched me, uneasy. "Mike, you're kidding--"

"I wish I were," I said. "That energy just drains into me, and nothing happens. I'm immune." I shrugged, rose and walked across to the radio I'd put in here, so carefully, before the war. I picked up the disconnected plug; thrust it into the socket. I snapped the dial on. "I'll show you," I told him.

The panel flashed and darkened; confused static came crackling from the speaker, erratic. I took my hand away.

"Turn it up--" Andy said uneasily.

My hand twiddled the dial. "It's already up."

"Try another station," the kid insisted stubbornly. I pushed all the buttons in succession; the static crackled and buzzed, the panel light flickered on and off in little cryptic flashes. I sighed. "And reception was perfect at noon," I told him, "You were listening to the news." I took my hand away again. "I don't want to blow the thing up."

Andy came over and switched the button back on. The little panel light glowed steadily, and the mellow voice of Milton Cross filled the room, "...now conducts the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra in the Fifth, or 'Fate' Symphony of Ludwig von Beethoven..." the noise of mixed applause, and then the majestic chorals of the Symphony, thundering through the rooms of the cabin.

"Ta-da-da-dummm --- Ta-da-da-UMM!"

My brother stared at me as racing woodwinds caught up with the brasses. There was nothing wrong with the radio. "Mike. What did you do to it?"

"I wish I knew," I told him. Reaching, I touched the volume button again.

Beethoven died in a muttering static like a thousand drums.

I swore and Andy sucked in his breath between his teeth, edging warily backward. He touched the dials again; once more the smoothness of the "Fate" Symphony rolled out and swallowed us. I shivered.

"You'd better let it alone!" Andy said shakily.

The kid turned in early; but I stayed in the main room, smoking restlessly and wishing I could get a drink without driving eighty miles over bad mountain roads. Neither of us had thought to turn off the radio; it was moaning out some interminable throbbing dance music. I turned over my notes, restlessly, not really seeing them. Once Andy's voice came sleepily from the alcove. "Going to read all night, Mike?"

"If I feel like it," I said tersely and began walking up and down again.

"Mike! For the luvvaged stop it and let me get some sleep!" Andy exploded, and I sank down in the chair again. "Sorry, Andy."

Where had the intangible part of me been, those eighteen hours when I lay first crushed under a fallen beam, then under morphine in the hospital? Where had those scars come from? More important, what had made a radio lab blow up in the first place? Electricity s o t s  
(concluded page forty-five)

## DEAN A. GRENELL'S FOR YOUR INFORMAL DEHYDRATION

EDITORIAL NOTE: of all the many columns, and types of columns we have proffered our readers, none has engendered such all-around-unwavering devotion and interest. Though we have had many compliments on our columns, FOR YOU--is the only one---and perhaps that goes for the entire history of farmmagazines---which a professional editor expressed an overwhelming temptation to publish in his proff magazine. That he would have been hamstrung by his publisher, had he, lessens not one iota the tribute to Random's King of The Fun, the grease in which the axle of seventh Random turned, one of my very best friends---and if you have any personality, probably one of yours, too: Dean Grenell. May we urge you to further the merits of this column by sending questions of a scientific or science-fictional nature to either Professor Grenell at 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisc. or to the editor at 41 East 17, Columbus 1, Ohio. In any event let's have some questions of an engrossing nature. Such as the ones for this issue. ....he

Q. WHAT IS MEANT BY THE TERM, "A SOPHISTICATED PERSON?" --Joel Rydahl

A. A sophisticated person is one who can listen to the William Tell Overture and not be reminded of the Lone Ranger.

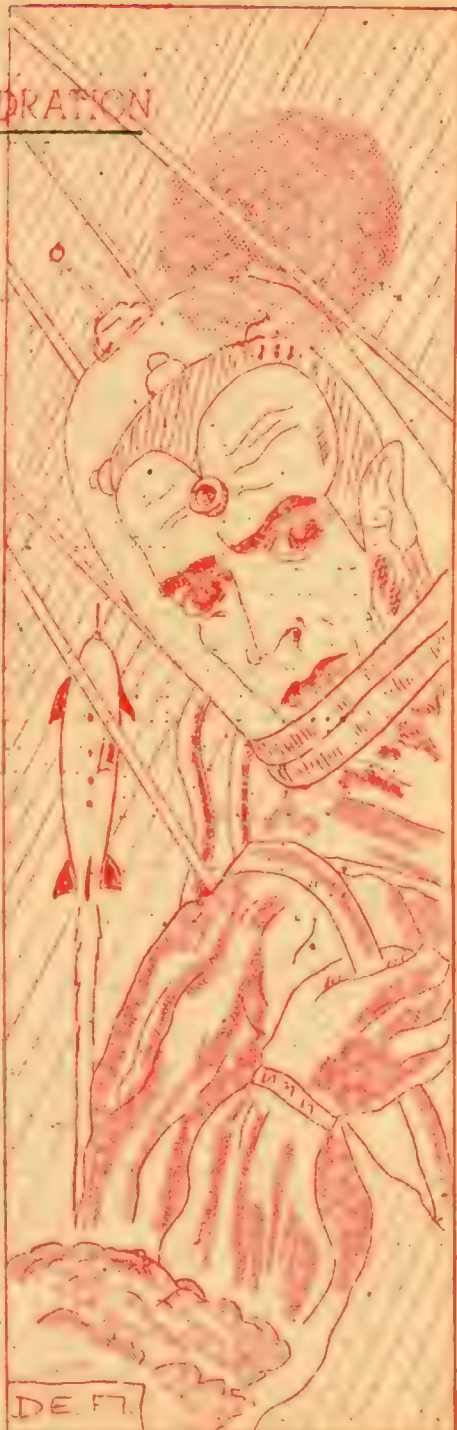
Q. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT A STITCH IN TIME SAVES?

--Marvin Snyder, Philadelphia, Pa.  
A. Nein..

Q. WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO WITH MALENKOV? --Beria, Crumblin, Moscow

A. I'd recommend an enemy with a roman candle.

(continued next page)



DE F.



Q. IS IT TRUE THAT YOU HAVE A SCIENCE FICTION TYPEWRITER?

A. Yes, it even has a space-bar! --Arlene Brennan, Berkeley, California

Q. DO YOU FIND ANYTHING PECULIAR WITH HOMER?

A. Yes, I think Homer is just an Odyssey can be. --Aspic Picasso, Old Mystic, Ill.

Q. WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN OXIDE AND AN OXHIDE?

A. Quite elementary--an oxide contains oxygen while an oxhide contains ox. --Jack Harness, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q. WAS MESOPOTAMIA REALLY THE CREADLE OF CIVILIZATION?

A. Some say so and others wonder if civilization has yet reached the creadle stage--or the cradle either, for that matter. --David English, Dunkirk, N.Y.

Q. HOW ARE THINGS IN GIOCCAMORRA? --Scarlett Rhett O'Boggs, Mpls., Minn.

A. Up to snuff, down to brass tacks, in step with the London Times and a bitter man than I am Gunga Din.

Q. IF A FAN AND A HALF MAKE A CON AND A HALF IN A YEAR AND A HALF, HOW LONG WILL THEIR NEXT FANZINE BE? --Fertile Inlay, Pittsburg, Pa.

A. I asked Bob Bloch about this and he was concerned about the one-and-a-half aspect of the situation but we both agreed that it largely depends upon whether or not the con-report is written by Rich Elsberry. You've got to remember that your average fanzine is a staple item.

Q. HOW MANY GERMS COULD A BANSBUCK SHUCK IF A GREGSBUCK COULD SHUCK BANS?

A. 4,758. Now, you tell me--How many pills will a Willis still if Sears Roebuck could Chuck Harris? --Sam Mistywitz, Oullah, New Jersey

Q. IS SODIUM CHLORIDE REALLY WORTH ITS SALT?

A. Salts may come and salts may go but you can't keep a good Epsom Downs. --Norton Horton, Coolings, Moontana

Q. DO THEY EVER FILL AIRSHIPS WITH ANYTHING BESIDES HYDROGEN AND HELIUM?

A. One time out in Hollywood, they filled one with neon and used it in a picture. This was called HIGH NEON and copped the Academy Award for 1952. --Lewis J. Grant, Chicago, Illinois

editorial: "playing telephone" concluded from page one

the concoction of a magnesium flare, to the propagation of the deformed concept. It reflects the readiness of our Average Man to accept without doubt anything said by someone tentatively labeled an authority.

Why in the name of the reporting gods Stanley and Greeley do these self-styled informants feel it is their God-given prerogative to mutilate any information sent their way? Why must we continue to be forced, because of no way to track down every scrap of data fed us, to accept the many-times-twisted inaccuracies of this clan?

All it takes to correct the situation, to strengthen our lines of communication, to disseminate knowledge more accurately, is a little more thoroughness of research, a little more honesty, and a little less blind following of those who appear to be in the know.

I, for one, am sick to tears of reading the "telephone"-descended statement beginning, "Ostensibly, such-and-such is alleged."

---he

ARTWORK BY JOE GIBSON



# NO CORPSE by JOE GIBSON FOR FRISCO

It was a hot, sticky morning in Chicago--Labor Day morning, 1952, the beginning of the last day of the 10th World Con--and only a thin scattering of tired fans listened to the speeches and panel discussions in the Terrace Casino. Nothing much happened until that afternoon, when they voted on the site for the 11th World Convention.

And many fans thought Frisco was sure to win, anyway.

But on that morning, with the actual voting still hours away, a certain quiet group of actifans were already discussing the failure of San Francisco.

The Frisco fen had simply overlooked one thing: the 10th World Con was the first of the Big Cons. It swarmed with neofen who knew nothing of active fandom or of Frisco's efforts to win a Con. They were mostly from the Chicago area and the East--and many of them seemed to think New York should have the next Con!

This large influx of neofen was totally unexpected. It had never happened before. And its effects were unknown till that last morning--it took the first three days to gather the facts, piece them together, and realize what was happening.

By then, it was too late to help Frisco. The neofen resented the Frisco fen's penthouse parties, naturally, when they weren't invited. The Frisco fen had been handing out deeds to the Moon when they should have been selling Frisco. In short, they had ignored those neofen completely.

So the neofen were sure to drop a sizable bloc of votes on the East Coast--not big enough to lick Frisco alone, but enough to unbalance that actifan vote Frisco had built up and start a trend away from Frisco. So there it was: Frisco had lost.



Realizing this, Eastern fans had to jury-rig their bids so a good Eastsite would be limelighted, attracting the neofen--whichever way the trend went, it had to be kept away from M'ork, where the fan situation was entirely too unsettled to support a World Con.

Most Eastfen who would have favored Frisco, if there were time to do anything for Frisco, had to deal with this Eastern situation. The unfortunate thing, though, was that the Eastfen not favoring Frisco used this opportunity to stir up what amounted to a steam-roller for the East.

That steam-roller stuff was about all many fans saw in the whole business. Judging from what little I've been able to hear, it was certainly all the Frisco fen could see. So they went home saying fandom had let 'em down; that fans had voted from their pocketbooks, that the West Coast was double-crossed when it should've gotten the Con...

That was the worst thing about it. Frisco lost at Chicago because they went in with a bunch of grandiose schemes and pulled the biggest boner they possibly could have--ignoring that neofan bloc. Of course, no one had ever had to contend with it before, but it was still a boner. Only some Frisco fen couldn't see anything like that; all they could see was that they'd been double-crossed, robbed, cheated of their rightful chance. And there've been rumors that the Frisco gang fell apart. It undoubtedly did lose some members--possibly a few free-loaders who were riding along for the glory.

But on Thursday morning, August 13th, at approximately 1:30 a.m., my landlady's snores were interrupted by a jangling phone--Long Distance for Gibson. So the old bat pulls on a robe and totters upstairs to bang on m'door. So I pulls on m'pants and staggers down to answer the damn' thing.

And it's Henry Burwell, the Lean Rebel, who is ver-r-ry active in fandom despite any rumors to the contrary. And he's calling from somewhere way the hell out in Ohio.

But being a true Lean Rebel, he's profusely apologetic about dragging me outta the sack. And I'm saying that's all right--m'landlady stands there, glaring; I gotta be up at a quarter to six to go to work--but that's all right... (concluded next page)

#### FALCONS OF MACABEDLA (part one) concluded from page forty-one;

fires; it shocks men into insensibility or death. Radio waves are in themselves harmless. Most important of all, what maniac freak of lightning was I carrying in my body that made me immune to electrical current? I hadn't told Andy about the time I'd deliberately grounded the electric dynamo in the cellar and taken the whole voltage in my body. I was still alive. It would have been a hell of a way to commit suicide---but I hadn't.

I swore, slamming down the window. I was going to bed. Andy was right. Either I was going crazy or there was something wrong; in any case, sitting here wouldn't help. If it didn't let up, I'd take the first train home and see a god electrician--or a psychiatrist. But right now I was going to hit the sack.

My hand went out automatically and switched the light off.

"Damn!" I thought incredulously. I'd shorted the dynamo again. The radio stopped as if the whole orchestra had dropped dead; every light in the cabin winked out, but my hand on the switch crackled with a phosphorescent glow as the entire house current poured into my body. I tingled with weird shock; I heard my own teeth chattering.

And something snapped wide open in my brain. I heard suddenly, an excited voice, shouting.

"Rhye! Rhye! That is the man!"

So Hank and Don Ford have been talking to Les Cole, out in Frisco. And Les wouldn't be able to make Philly, so Don was authorized to enter a Frisco bid at Philly for the 12th World Con. And Hank figures I would know all about Eastern fan, and if they were planning on any bids which might conflict with the Frisco bid.

So then I was, standing in my pants at 1:30 in the morning, discussing things which will affect the future of all fffandom!

Ah, well--nobody around here wanted the Con, anyway. NYork fandom is just in the process of getting itself somewhat organized, and there are possibilities of--but not this year. Unfortunately, my only spy in the Cleveland fanclub was found floating in the river, but I thought he'd failed to pay his dues or something...

And so, it began. This time, it was a straight contest between Cleveland and Frisco--and it was Cleveland that pulled the boner. They didn't go to work soon enough to line up the support of other fan-groups in the East and Midwest. Their greatest drawback was that they stood alone, and they were fairly new, while Frisco had contacts with other fan-groups from several years back.

But the Cleveland gang campaigned hard at Philly, and they had a fairly good chance. The 11th World was just as big as the 10th, and was just as loaded with neofen who knew nothing about active fandom--neofen from the Philly area and the East Coast. And Cleveland was the neofen's best bet, moneywise. (Though I heard 'em talking about York again.)

However, the neofen weren't left in their ignorance, this time. They got worked on from both sides. L. Sprague de Camp was banging away with his Rules and Regulations--and why, mind you, why there had to be any such. Then there were proposals to organize a permanent advisory committee on Cons, and a permanent record of How The World S-F Con Was Accomplished With Slight Bloodshed so the next group would have something to go on, and one thing and another. Don Ford then proposed that future Cons be rotated to a different sector, each year, and the fans voted in favor of rotation, and directed the next Con to draw up a rotation plan. Since it was in Chicago--the Midwest--then Philly--the East--it wasn't hard to suggest that the next Con should go out to Frisco.

Some character also mentioned that we need more good, solid fanclubs capable of putting on a big World Con. And if the World Cons are going around by rotation, most fans get to attend one in their area only once every few years, the small regional cons ought to be built up and made more numerous. Then the fanclubs putting on the regional cons will soon be ready to tackle the World Con, when it comes their way.

And to top this educational campaign off, we got a London bid for the 12th World Con. With all this going on, some of those neofen began to realize that Cons aren't kindergarden stuff; a few of them even decided to vote with us.

As it was, though, plenty of fans voted for Cleveland--both actifan and neofan--who wanted to keep the Cons near their own hometowns and to hell with rotation.

And therein lies the spark of one helluva big fight, next year. Frisco finally has the Con, now, not so much because of any big campaign as because their right to have it wasn't the cold corpse a few of them that it was. But there's one point on which the lid may blow off.

There'll probably be more than a half-dozen East and Midwest fanclubs going to Frisco to bid for the 13th Con in '55. There may be at least one from every sector of the country. And Frisco has to draw up a rotation plan, suggesting that the 13th Con be rotated clockwise or counter-clockwise or some-which-way from the West Coast to another sector. And every fanclub not in that favored sector, that wants to bid for the 13th Con, will fight that rotation plan.

Aside from that, all Frisco has to worry about is having its group actually fall apart--or ending up with so small an attendance they have little more than a Westercon.

THE END

(This was the second of two articles.)



# GREGG CALKINS

With the recent overall decline of the science fiction magazine market and the sharp drop in both production and quality of fiction, several great editors remain rather conspicuous. Primarily they are John W. Campbell, Jr., Horace L. Gold, and Anthony Boucher. The relative merits of their individual magazines are well known--indeed, so well known as to have been taken for granted during recent years. In the present decline, with the excellent being no longer the commonplace, they are more than ever noticeable.

Not so conspicuous, but perhaps more important, are the great editors who are missing from today's newsstands.

In combat, considering the two elements to be comparatively equal, it is far better to have your enemy in sight and be informed of their movements and ideas than it is to have them undercover and to be unsure of their exact whereabouts. Even if you must suffer the consequences of constant small-arms fire, it is still more desirable to have capable observation. Nothing is more devastating than to have, suddenly, a strong and well-conceived attack in your midst from a source you were not even considering. Surprise is perhaps the most important element in any maneuver, as was demonstrated by MacArthur to the utmost distress of the Communist forces at Inchon, Korea.

Let us, therefore, make a resolution not to be taken by surprise when that arch-editor, Ray Palmer, makes his dramatic entrance early this summer or early fall.

Of all the editors in science fiction, past or present, Palmer deserves perhaps the most respect as an adversary worthy of the finest

## ...of cabbages and kings...

steel fandom has to offer. To deny that the man has ability is as futile as it is pointless. Much like King Canute's frustration. To ignore Palmer is one of the worst tactical errors you could commit.

After concluding a long career as editor of AMAZING STORIES, Palmer plunged once again into editorship with OTHER WORLDS, only this time in the capacity of owner as well as editor. Certainly this was a benefit to Palmer; the strings that Mr. Ziff and Mr. Davis had attached to his desk were cut; and, should a question of policy or finance arise, there was only one head and one pair of editorial shoulders to carry the load of decision. If the shoulders happened to be physically weak, it must be remembered that the load was materially--non-existent.

At first Palmer found OTHER WORLDS to be exactly what he had been missing during all the first long years of struggle and toil. There is a certain proud and fierce joy to producing something that is entirely your own, and Palmer poured forth his heart into the first issues. A certain proportion of the readership of AMAZING STORIES was behind him from the start and a goodly number of writers and editors, from long association, gave to him freely and generously, hoping to see him succeed in a dream that perhaps they, too, shared.

The race, as has been noted, is not always to the swift. In keeping within the boundaries of financial limits, hitherto questions Palmer had not been overconcerned with, he began to find it difficult to maintain certain standards of quality and quantity that he had eagerly

assumed in the beginning. Certainly over-optimism is not a fault for which a man should be condemned nor even harshly rebuked, for we are all too guilty of that common sin. Nor can a man be assailed angrily when the dreams he has nourished at his breast begin to take on a different form than they had when he first picked them up. Palmer began to find OTHER WORLDS a burden that he could not carry, yet knew not how to put down. And slowly the magazine took on a tint that fandom found undesirable. Palmer found it to be equally to his distaste, but how easily can a proud man say that his own product is worthless? And if his pride is too great he will ignore the facts until he cannot ever admit them, even to himself.

Ray Palmer made a second try with SCIENCE STORIES in which he attempted to re-make OTHER WORLDS into what he first intended it to be, but like the glory that was Rome before Nero plunged it into ashes, the pinnacle of hope and aspiration was never again reached.

Battered, torn, the wounded animal retreats into its lair to lick and heal wounds until they are solid, firm scars. Palmer is quiet, but the man who has reached the top, fallen to the bottom and then repeated himself all over again is not one to lie long in wait. What his next venture will be is anybody's guess, but I confess to facing the prospect with apprehension. From a man of Ray Palmer's talents it could be anything and I suspect the modifying influences of Bea Mahaffey may go a long way toward determining what the real outcome will be --yet even so they could be most surprising.

The military have a saying for it: "The issue is still in doubt."

**TRENDS** The MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, as has been noted in many quarters, is suddenly featuring in its heretofore pages of solid text a very few small illustrations or two. In any other magazine this trend would not be half so surprising, since illustrations are an integral part of the science fiction magazine, yet it is with a bit of shock that one finds them allied with Anthony Boucher.

Although McKESE has two editors, the second being J. Francis McComas, it is not readily apparent that any hands touch the issue other than Boucher's. He is easily the more capable of the two as far as science fiction is concerned, and all statements of policy appear to come directly from his hands. It is easy to draw the mental picture of Boucher presenting the finished copy to McComas for approval and he merely nodding abstractedly in passing.

Why, then, should a magazine so definitely and unswervingly opposed to the use of pictures suddenly begin to accept them in noticeable quantity? It should be noted at the same time that the magazine has undergone several policy changes, such as the general exclusion of reprints, and now has a definitely different flavor than was found in the initial issues of the magazine.

Perhaps the influence of J. Francis McComas has been stronger than was realized and is only now relaxing to permit several changes in the magazine. Things which have been attributed to Boucher in the past are possibly not due to him at all and only now is he attaining real control of the magazine. If this is true, what trends will be next to appear?

One thing is sure: FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION is merely one of the forerunners in what looks to be a bumper crop year of trends within trends. Things are on the move. Toward what eventual destination is as much your guess as it is mine. Perhaps yours is better.

THE MOST STRIKINGLY UNUSUAL FICTION EVER PUBLISHED!  
..in a fan magazine inaugurates TABOO-BREAKERS next issue with Via Roma



# BOOKENDS

cogent reviews

by

algis budrys  
harlan ellison  
andre norton



**DARK DOMINION** by David Duncan (Ballantine) reviewed by Ellison

There is a certain vitality lacking in the work of most writers who specialize in science fiction. This lack of sparkle results from being too close to the field. In this case, familiarity has bred a certain unjustified over-assumption. Too many things are taken for granted. Accordingly, though we must often suffer under their glaring errors from this same familiarity (though in this case a lack of it), the writer of main-stream fiction can produce a work of much more enduring and eminent quality.

We have experienced this with such authors as Alfred Bester, Stuart Cloete, Bernard Wolfe, Huxley, Orwell and a few others. To this list I should like to add David Duncan. Mr. Duncan manages with the worn-out tools of the science fiction trade, to produce a mechanism of such flawless workings, that many of our so-called "Greats" could take ample heed. And though not of classic calibre, still quality.

"Dark Dominion" is a story. Primarily and foremost it is that. Of sound philosophy and equally sound science there is a-plenty, but above all it is good entertainment. Duncan seems to have embodied all the prerequisites for the good storyteller. One who can leave the modules of constructive thought blossoming, but whose primary aim is to tell a good yarn.

In the saga of the Magellan Project and its ultra-secret attempt to get "The Black Planet"--a rocket-powered space station built on the ground--, into the air, no single event can be estimated before it happens. Every twist of the novel reveals a hitherto unsuspected kicker. And of kickers there are plenty. The characters themselves, though for the most part and with one prime exception--Osborn--not as sharply indicated as they might be, "plant" the clues to these later developments with all the intricacy a good novelist can master.

There is a steady and heady suspense, coupled with a diamond-scent-

illustrations this page by DAVE POLEY

illating style of introducing new factors where they have the most shock appeal. The book is consistently logical throughout, save at the very conclusion, where the author throws the entire carefully-built-up character of the protagonist into doubt. The style is exceedingly smooth, the book is good, and the sustained pitch carries right up to the last three pages where the previously mentioned incongruity exists. The ending is an unguessed denouement which, for several reasons leaves the reader gasping: 1) it is totally unexpected and 2) it is totally inconsistent. If it had not been for the snap ending, dragged literally from left field, Ballantine would have hit a flawless winner. As it is, almost unconditionally recommended.

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw reviewed by Ellison is a sheer delight. Knowing author Walt Willis' tongue-in-cheek attitude toward fandom, it is sometimes rough sledding to believe the story is told with deadpan seriousness. But whether Walt and Bob are laughing up their collective sleeves at fandom, or have chosen this way to laud the fan who takes fanning seriously, it is a precious chronicle.

The Enchanted Duplicator is a parable, featuring such gambits (or in this case, ploys) as a hero named Jophan, a lazy resident of the Circle of Lassitude named Robert George Leth (Leth R.G. for short), Glades of Gafia, a helko swamp, and a multitude of other pun-parable assets.

Told as the journey of a young neofan from the Land of Mundane to Trufandom in search of the magic limeograph, this light, gay adventure-parable will please even the most rock-faced of pessimists. And it makes a fellow feel good (or bad as the case may be) as he identifies himself with either Jophan or one of Jophan's less fortunate fellow-travelers.

But I fear this review will have to be excised, for I must polish my shield of Umor. I hear tell there is a herd of typos coming this way... (available: from authors, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, North Ireland. 1/- or 15¢ per copy and recommended heartily)

RIDERS TO THE STARS by Curt Siodmak (Ballantine) reviewed by Ellison We have in this volume a rarity: a completely bad book. This is something the field can well do without. Novelized by Robert Smith from Curt Siodmak's unexcusably miserable screenplay, the author shows a predilection for the three-dot ellipse (...) and the suspense-heightening hyphen (-) with little love for the vagaries of good characterization.

What the author has designed to dubiously honor as the plot, is a wild farce about spaceships whose hulls turn brittle due to cosmic rays, and men who decide to overcome this obstacle they must capture meteors and see of what they are composed. The story manages to cover several hundred short-paragraphed pages of pseudo-Hemingway plotting, showing the effects on the men who go up to ride herd on the meteors. The effects are much like taking pot-shots at a Mark VII tank with a beanshooter. Negligible.

Triteness, in this case, is the keynote, not the rarity. The batch of louts who comprise the cast, from the 100% All-American hero down to the poor, befuddled psycho who rushes off into the star-flecked vastness, reek from type-casting. The plot is complicated, as only a padded movie script designed for the lover of Hopalong Cassidy can be. The science is negligible. The plotting unraveled. The story as a whole---a hole.



The SYNDIC by C.M. Kornbluth (Doubleday) reviewed by Sudrys  
 one of the top science fiction writers unlithers once more, and the result lays waste the horde of "novelists" who have suddenly sprung up in the field. Oddly enough, he does it with a collection of words that resembles a true novel only superficially.

The Syndic is a thoroughly worked-out extrapolation of present day society, in the style which The Space Merchants and Takeoff did so much to establish as the leading method for writing a science fiction story. And it is the extrapolation which actually carries the story, for what plot there is has no beginning and no end.

True, the book begins with a problem--a typical, twisted Kornbluthian problem; the slow disintegration of a society ruled by the benign and charmingly Florentine descendants of today's criminals, under the vicious, piratical, and unprincipled depredations of the despicable remnants of the former United States government.

True, there is a boy-meets-girl sub-plot, which is whackily resolved in a dead-serious manner, for the hero, a distant relative of the great Filcares, does get the girl--a direct descendant of the rulers. But he doesn't do it in the logical boy-meets-girl manner which writers generally regard as sacred. None of the things anyone does in this book are more than superficially logical. They are merely right.

But that main problem is never solved. Everyone examines it, gives it an experimental nudge, and then walks away from it, never looking back. And it doesn't matter. The impoverished young Noble has won the hand of the fair young Princess while the benign spade-bearded Emperor beams approvingly in the background. The dragon is not slain, but nobody cares, because it's such a nasty old dragon that it wouldn't be any fun to have anything to do with it.

I could mention beautiful red-headed witches, telepathy, magic, superscience, sociology, satire, and dead-serious irony. I could mention private jokes and a mythical historian named A. Arrowsmith Hyde. I could say picaresque, I could say--hum, I have, haven't I? I say, in addition, that I am quite sure Cesare Borgia would have heartily approved this book. Niccolò Machiavelli would have cribbed from it.

And, in further addition, GO DO IT! Do yourself the favor. Novel, science fiction, this is wonderful!

Now then Human by Theodore Sturgeon (Ballantine) reviewed by Ellison  
 Book reviewers, like the Delphic Oracles, are a breed of individuals self-acknowledged to be authorities on everything---including everything. And it is with some feelings of helplessness that a reviewer finds he is totally unprepared or capable in describing a book.

It happens only once in every thousand years or so, and is a greater tribute to any book than a word of praise for each of those years. So enjoy the spectacle, dear reader.

Theodore Sturgeon has expanded his GALAXY novella Baby Is Three into a tender and deeply moving chronicle of people, caught in the maelstrom of forces greater than any one of them. The book, in case you missed it above, is here then human and insures the fact that if Ballantine books were to cease all publication with this volume, their immortality would be assured.

We have dropped out more than we thought we could. Sturgeon is impeccable in this novel. Unquestionably the finest piece of work in the last two years, and the closest approach to literature science fiction has yet produced.

Abolishment of Equality by Robert A. Heinlein (Fantasy Press) reviewed by Ellison

This is a very good book. By some measurements it falls short of being a great book. Each of the four varied-length stories bear the unmistakable stamp of Heinlein. The fast plotting, the natural dialogue, the painless philosophy and science, and the characters all so real you can prod them with your thumb.

Resurrected from three diversified science fiction periodicals of the last ten-fifteen years, the stories still shy back from none when compared with Heinlein's more recent works.

The first story, Gulf, deals with the secret service machinations of a band of "not-men" whose chief claim to fame is that they can think better than anyone. The story has much of the flavor and many of the touches of this author's 1951 The Puppet Masters. The second tale, Blasphemy is a rather shabby time-travel story with some odd ramifications. Not particularly absorbing or valuable as far as Heinlein's writing goes. From some other, lesser, author, it might well be adjudged a masterpiece. The longest yarn in the quartet, a novelette-lengther titled Lost Legacy, explores the intricacies of the mind's powers, lost races, and benevolent supermen. The last story, Jerry Was A Man, is good for a few laughs while it proves by some very specious logic that a certain anthropoid is a man.

The overall impression is a feeling that Heinlein is carrying a banner. Whether it be for Speedtalk or for the abolition of school boards, he tells a good story. There is some very valuable philosophy and some damn good reading in these pages, and this Heinlein, as with almost all of the preceding, is a good safe bet to add to your bookcracks or to start a friend reading science fiction.

**SPACE LAWYER** by Nat Schachner (Gnome Press) reviewed by Norton  
Kendall Foster Crossen's insurance agent of galactic acclaim will have to move over and grant room to Kerry Dale, whose knowledge of solar system law in all its most obscure ramifications gets him out of one scrape after another--with material additions to his bank account after each episode. Certainly written with the author's tongue firmly embedded in his cheek, this is neither profound science, nor serious fiction, but, even though on the light side, it should find a very welcome place on any collector's shelves.

**SEARCH THE SKY** by Frederik Pohl & C.M. Kornbluth (Ballantine) --Ellison  
Fred Pohl and Cyril Kornbluth would have made magnificent novelty-store owners, had they not decided to become magnificent writers. The Pohl-Kornbluth works are much like a variety shop, loaded with odd little gimcracks, receptacle of a million off-trail unusual items, each one glimpsed from behind a larger pile of others.

The effect is sometimes overwhelming, as in The Space Merchants. In this, their second effort together, they don't reach that previous high; but there is still a good bit of marvelous spoofing, some delicate sociological concepts and a search-through-the-stars which is greatly enhanced by not making any trite allusions to such analogous explorers as Jason, Leif Ericson, Homer or Columbus as in the recent Undying Fire by Fletcher Pratt, which vaguely resembles this volume in subject matter, though the quality is galaxies apart.

The intricate wanderings of Ross, who senses the decay of Man's culture on Malsay's Planet, is a tight little chronicle pinpointing the Pohl-Kornbluth system of writing, which they are perfecting.

Like many s-f authors today, these two gentlemen have found a "system", and are proceeding to work it to the hilt, for every buck therein. The first two or three times we were treated to these more-or-less minute characterizations of odd cultures, it was stimulating, but now that they feel they have picked a winner, Pohl and Kornbluth



are riding the poor old nag "Leibent-fur-leather". Several more and I will venture that the reviews became a bit derogatory. Or repetitious.

But as I say, the plot is rather neat, though in parts where the plight of the hero seems insurmountable, Cyril and Fred get him out in a pretty eyebrow-raising manner that evokes a certain air of "Oh NO!"

All in all, a good little bit of sociological stuff, with some cute satirical ciphers being cut. The book was harmless and a good time was had by all.

**ARMED OF TIME** by Henry Kuttner (Ballantine) reviewed by Sudrys

It was "round the middle of the month, back in 1943, and I'd reading way through all the other s-f magazines on the newsstand rack. I stood there, indecisive. "What's this astounding bit?" I said to myself. "Awful dull cover. No naked women. Should I bother?" Well, I did, out of sheer desperation, and ran head-on into A.A. Van Vogt's "The Storm." Who knew from science? Contraterrene? What kind of a bit is that? I recoiled back, my eyes vibrating, and almost stopped reading science fiction then and there. Fortunately, I read "The Proud Robot" next.

**ARMED OF TIME** contains ten stories, some of them so new the magazine versions are barely off the stands, others going as far back as '42 ("Deadlock") and '43 ("Shock" and "Host"). The lineup contains one--count it, but don't bruise it--one story that seems representative of Kuttner at his hackle-raising best: "Home Is The Hunter," fresh out of Galaxy. "Or Else"--still on the stands in Amazing at this writing--is of another type of Kuttner; the gentle, light-touched Henry with black bitterness in his heart. In addition, there is "Year Day," for which there is no previous copyright notice, which would seem to indicate that it's a brand-new job, though I'd swear the title's familiar.

The most indicative thing about this anthology is the fact that the stories were carefully chosen to conform to Kuttner's new preoccupation, psychology, to which, in an autobiographical note, he refers to as "a science, concerned with human beings, that analyzes and studies the world of the imagination that is fiction." Personally, I've always liked Kuttner's stories better when he did his own analyzing--it seemed to come out less depressingly then.

The book has a well-done and slightly magnificent jacket by Richard Powers. C.H. Moore gets no by-lines, but draws a pet on the back in the illustration. I've probably read most of the stories, but you might like to give a friend a copy.

But I'd rather give that friend a copy of "The Proud Robot," and the rest of the Galaxy series. I can't help thinking, as I read **ARMED OF TIME**, that I'd much rather be reading Lewis Padgett.



**THE GAMING FISH** by Fletcher Pratt (Ballantine) reviewed by Allison

With his usual rapidity of style and smoothness of narration, the venerable Mr. Pratt has once again set down a story. Based, nominally, on Jason's search for The Golden fleece, Pratt has moved the myth into the star-colonized future and retold it. Replete with an attacking force of space pirates, designing Medea-like wenches, super-science and mathematicians with the gift of Einstein, **THE UNDYING FIRE** moves at a prodigious rate.

If the lack of verve over the book shows, it is because the writing appears to have been poured onto the pages, with the author struggling not in the slightest. The reader who enjoys perspiring, with his assaulted heroes, will find little satisfaction for his masochism. It is difficult to believe things will end any way but happily ever after, right from the start. Personally, I didn't give a flying damn whether Captain Thorwald Paulsson did clear himself of dereliction of duty charges or not. Final analysis: pleasing to any Bobbsey Twin enjoying frothy reading, not taxing in the slightest--for those cold evenings when the girl friend isn't around.

**SHAMBLAU** by C.L. Moore (Gnome Press) reviewed by Ellison  
Second only, perhaps, to Robert E. Howard (an inevitable comparison since the cribbing is obvious), Cathy Moore wields the swiftest, surest, most scintillating sword of adventure-literature between hard-covers.

Her style is a flamboyant attack on the senses, each word a whistling thrust, parry or riposte at the reader's defenses. C. L. Moore has hacked out for herself a singular niche in the battlefield that is science fiction-fantasy writing.

This volume is her masterpiece. In it are compounded tale upon tale (to the total of seven) from the old **BIRD TALES** that bespeak a talent rare in the ledgers of creative writing--and rarer yet in the little notebook of science fiction. Her stories abound with heroes that swashbuckle with the best of them, heroines either entrancing to a fault or seductive to a perfection, and "unspeakable horrors" so horrible that they're, well, unspeakable.

Good clean fun with dripping swords, flaming blasters, fiery-haired Jirel, lady warrior of Joiry, and Northwest Smith, scourge of Mars' underworld. Nothing overly taxing for the grey cells, occasional repetition of certain well-liked literary clichés personal to Miss Moore only, and a fluency of style simply delightful in these days of rock-hard writing such as that of Hemingway or Spillane. It is a style of an era long since faded--and before C.L. Moore became C. L. Kuttner. If Adventure is your wine, try this vintage.

**UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS** by Robert Sheckley (Ballantine) --Budrys  
This collection of thirteen stories stands unquestionably as the best one-man anthology yet to come out of Ballantine's shop. Admittedly, some of this standing is due to the disappointing level of the Kuttner and Clarke collections which have preceded it, but more than enough of the credit remains with Sheckley.

Neither Clarke nor Kuttner are basically short-story writers. Sheckley is. He has a professional's grasp of his specialty, and knows better than any other writer in his approximate age-group, just what may be done within the borders that define the short-story--and where those borders may be extended.

**UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS** contains thirteen stories. I wish it were fourteen, for then there would have been room for the sparkling Feeding Time which appeared under a pen-name in the first issue of **FANTASY MAGAZINE**, and which threatens to become lost. (The Demons, which appeared with it under Sheckley's own name, is included in this



collection.) which only goes to show that everyone has his favorite Shackley story, and that only some people will be satisfied with this collection: the rest of us will just have to wait for the next one.

SHAMADA edited by Robert L. Briney (S&S Publications) reviewed by Ellison  
In this chronicle of a pre-history city named Shamada and its inhabitants, we have a meandering anthology, queer in many respects. Included are short stories and one novelette longish job by assorted & sundry fan-writers of a stature higher than normal. The Duane Bros. and their retinue have one basic flaw: the influences of Robert W. Howard, C. Moore and the flamboyant Lovecraft are all too obvious in spots; the unassuming "pretentiousness" of the plot lines are bewildering in spots; and the overall attitude that the saga is rearing off in all directions at once lends an air to the book which is very difficult to isolate. Is it that of garbage or rare ambergris?

It's a pretty little volume, all done up with frontispiece by the unapproachably weird A. A. Phillips, and the of Shamada by Robert L. Briney. And eye-abusing typography that demands the life of the man who set it in such ghostly small, close-lined offset.

It is printed..it is reasonably priced..a godsend to the cult who revel in Lovecraftian "nameless terrors" and "blacks that were deeper than black"...and is, in all, several marks above usual fan fiction. However, it should be stated here that Shamada offers no large notice to the mainstream of fantasy fiction that it tends to usurp power. Good reading, the authors admit writing it merely for the entertainment value, and frankly, who could wish for a more clear stated policy for perpetrating something of this nature?

Though their writing is a bit too affected in spots, and even more flowery in others, still it is a good thing there are a few in the ranks with intestinal fortitude enough to produce an off-trail item such as this. I would suggest that if you aren't too myopic as yet, send for a copy at 119 Ward Rd., North Tonawanda, NY as there is a certain sham-bangishness about it that even the crudities of its plot and style cannot conceal. I enjoyed it almost outrageously.

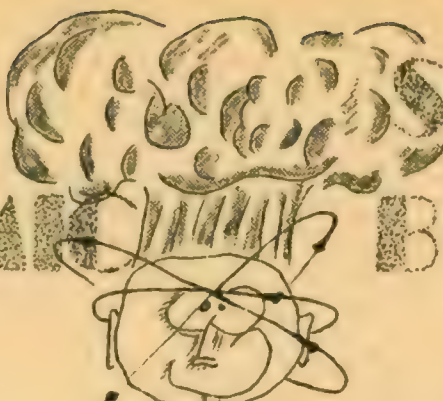
TALES FROM SAVAGAN'S BAR by L. J. Savage Jr. and Fletcher Pratt (Twayne) reviewed by Ellison

We won't go into any elaborate effusions about this marvelous series. For the plaudits you wish to imbibe by the editorship, we suggest you try and find a long-defunct copy of the first issue we published, back in the days when SHAMSIORS was "The Bulletin of The Cleveland Science Fiction Society". That was three years ago, and our very first CLIFFION was awarded to de Camp and Pratt for the Savagan's Bar series which had, at that time, just begun in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

Close scrutiny of the dust wrapper of this collection of twenty-three completely enchanting (and enchanted) fables will show a yellow circle bearing the ambiguous words: "First Award of the Cleveland Science Fiction Association." Those words, made to seem as though the C&S had given the book a first award over everything in the hard-cover line, was our initial CLIFFION in our first shaddy issue. Inga Pratt's line drawings herein are marvelous.

Time and change have wrought a good deal in the mutual affairs of Savagan's Bar and SHAMSIORS, since that word was gloriously kicked out. Mr. Solon and his habitués have experienced adventures--unlike any found in the known universe--with the possible exception of the club of the renowned Mr. Joseph Jorkens. And SHAMSIORS has come through three changes, from the bulletin (concluded p. 57)

# THE GROSSLY SOFTLY ATOMIC BLAST



*a fanzine review column by david ish*

**EDITORIAL NOTE:** probably more than any other piece of material in the first issue of DIMENSIONS, I feel a strong tie of pure love for this one. Not so much because of the subject matter or treatment---though they are excellent---but because the author is about the best friend I have ever found. Dave, who lives in Ridgewood, New Jersey, and myself from out here in Ohio, are closer than blood-brothers could be. We've stuck to each other (sometimes more loosely than others) through three conventions, two romances, three family remonstrances and a horde of lesser deterrents which we've by now forgotten. But Dave and I haven't forgotten the good times. But, that's no business of the readership--herewith, Ladies and Gentleman, I present for your edification, Mr. D. A. Ish (nicknamed Codf) who will entertain and amuse you with his caustic comments anent fanzines. Two special features are included in Dave's column: the Fanzine Of The Month and the DIMENSIONS Review. We figured everyone else gets reviewed by an impartial reviewer, why not DIMENSIONS. This particular installment was written some time ago, so large sections have been deleted and only those which are still timely or interesting have been kept. The Fanzine of The Month for this installment was Joel Mydahl's VEGA, which is dead, so the FOTE award may be seen next issue. If you want to be reviewed, send your magazine to DAVID ISH, 914 HAMMOND ROAD, RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY and DAI will obey, he

Through a series of mishaps and some fault of my own, I have finally fallen heir to a column that I have always had a suppressed desire to write; a fanzine review column. Scads of people have had fits of apoplexy whenever I suggest writing one for them, not, they assure me hastily, because I couldn't do a good one, but merely merely because there are too many as it is. However editor Ellison, bless his ink-filled heart, has seen fit to have me take over the review column for DIMENSIONS. Before doing so, however, I think a few statements of policy should be made.

I will neither be dog Phillips or Marion Bradley. I'm not going to whole-heartedly recommend every fanzine that sees fit to come within sight. On the other hand, I'm not going to personally chastise every fan magazine. I don't believe in "knucklerrapping" or shouting, "Naughty! Naughty! Shouldn't print such stuff." In short, my attitude will neither be naive or overly-

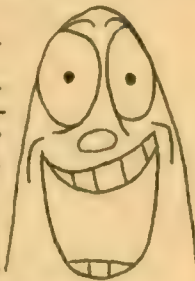
illustration this page: JAMES A. NEWBERRY  
all others are the work of: RAY NELSON



maternal. I will try and give an over-all review of fan magazines without dealing too much with specific details. I will, naturally, comment occasionally on the worth of one particular piece of writing in an issue if it is outstandingly good or bad. If you readers feel that this type of review is too vague, I trust you will inform me through the letter column. If you like the review in its present state of existence, I trust I'll be duly informed of this, too. All in all, the mode of the review is up to the readers. The opinions expressed in the reviews, however, will still be mine. It is up to you to tell me how you want me to say them. But, on to the reviews this time:

## FILLER; Norman G. Browne and Dean A. Grennell 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wis c .

The much advertised FILLER is at last in our midst. Forty pages filled with 527 fillers that have humor or a non-esoterical nature. Whether you read science fiction or not, if you read s-f but not too many fan magazines, it makes no difference. The humor in FILLER is of a universal nature. A beautiful cover by Jack Harness is presented in photo-offset, which brings out the fine detail in Harness' artwork, all too often lost in mimeography. A fine job put out by two fine people. The items are culled from conventions, prozines, fanzines, slick-mags and letters. If you have a quarter, send it in right away before the limited supply is gone, and I mean gone. Of the eighty copies taken to Philly, there were only a handful left. There are, of course, some more saved for sending through the mail, but the supply is rapidly decreasing. This is definitely a cornerstone in any fan library, along with such efforts as the fencyclopedia and Project Fancub.



## MUZZY; Claude Mall, 807 N. Main, Carlsbad, New Mexico. 15 cents. These later issues,

while showing improvement over the first, still have a long way to go before becoming top-ranking 'zines. There is little interior artwork, the mastheads are typed, something that always proves annoying after one has accustomed oneself to fancy ones, and it is too heavily laden with fan fiction, always a bad point in early issues. Fiction shouldn't be printed in fan magazines until the magazine reaches a status where it can ask for good fiction and get it. Early issues always get crude, stilted, badly-expressed ideas instead of stories, and the second issue of MUZZY bears this fact out. There is, however, a gleam of promise in MUZZY, despite its superficially dull appearance. If you have the patience to subscribe and stick with it--MUZZY might surprise you suddenly and become a good fanzine. If you're looking for something good right away, though, I'm afraid MUZZY isn't for you.

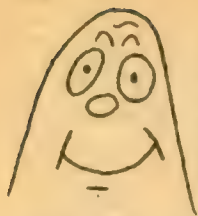


## FANWARP; Lyle Kessler, 2450-76 Ave., Philadelphia 38, Pennsylvania. 20 cents. FAN WARP surprises me. As a first issue, it is probably the best fandom has seen in many a year. It is photo-offset, has material by Milt Rothman, Bob Bloch,

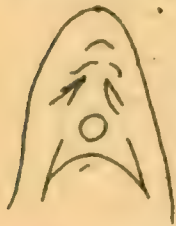
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BOOKENDS concluded from page fifty-five:

of the CSFS to an independant publication SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN to its present admirable state as DIMENSIONS. Let's hope Gavagan's B.a.r continues for as long as DIMENSIONS, or vice versa.



Lyle could put some personality into FAN WARP, the magazine would be a success, over-month. Sometimes personality in a fan-mag is good, sometimes it's bad, depending upon the editor. In Lyle's case, it would do a world of good. Send Lyle a buck and watch FAN WARP grow.



Russell Watkins, 110 Brady Street, Savannah, Georgia, 10 cents. For its return to fandom DAWN hasn't started out very auspiciously. The ditto-graphy, or hectography, I can't tell which it is, is rather poor, and very hard on the eyes. The articles and fiction are both in dire need of improvement. Russ says he's on an irregular schedule, and only taking single-issue subs. Being in the service and trying to publish at the same time, is doubtlessly a handicap, but I should think a little more care in choosing material, if nothing else, wouldn't be too difficult. As it stands now, DAWN could use a lot of improvement from the standpoint of production and contents. Not really "recommended" in its current condition.

**DIMENSIONS REVIEW:** Running a review of the magazine one's column is in, appears, I suppose, to have only two alternate reasons. Either a desire to end one's reviewing career as quickly as possible, or to assure one's self of continuing the column for a long, long time. Being as objective as possible, however, I would like to say a few words about DIMENSIONS, and back when it was SFB. I'm sure Harlan won't mind, and I certainly hope you won't.

DIMENSIONS (and SFB) have done something that no other fanzine I know has done, or tried to do. It has acted as a meeting-ground for both professionals and fans. It has acted as a bridge across an all-too-wide gap that has grown between the professionals and the fans in recent years. SCIENCE FICTION BULLETIN started in its March issue, in a very quiet way (one of the few things SFB or DIMENSIONS has done quietly, incidentally), to bring the fans and pros together on a mutual sounding-board. With top-rate fans and pros occupying the same issue, one naturally gets a tremendous amount of good material. But putting Silverberg, del Rey, Boggs, de Camp, Grennell, and Budrys in the same issue serves also to give a two-sided, well-rounded outlook and attitude about science fiction. For too long a time we've heard nothing but the fan's viewpoint, the fan's opinion. Now, at last, we are getting professionals to speak their minds, and most of us are discovering, for the first time, that professionals are not money-mad snobs that don't give a damn for fandom or the opinions of fans. Most fans are realizing that pros are people with as sincere an interest in s-f as any fan could boast. Resultantly, the gap between the fans and the pros that has existed to varying degrees in the last few years, the gap that the fans who cried, "Huckster!" and asked questions later, were responsible for, is beginning to close. It is in part due to DIMENSIONS and the outlook of its editor that the gap is closing. To "review" DIMENSIONS in the customary fashion, would only be of little. (concluded p. 60)





## FROM WHERE I SIT

by Harold Van Dall

THE END OF A  
LOVE-AFFAIR and other  
stories...

EDITOR'S NOTE: The passing of Dave Ish's SOL left FROM WHERE I SIT without a pot to perch on, after one installment. After some negotiation, DIMENSIONS now brings you the first of this new series of regular columns by Harold Van Dall. Mr. Van Dall has asked us to append the information that he is a hard-bitten old iconoclast, and that his opinions couldn't possibly coincide with this magazine's--or with anyone else's--and that he assumes full and sole responsibility for them. May we add, further, that much as Redd Bogg's SKYHOOK's columnist William Atheling, Jr. is listened to in awe--and often fear & trembling--so our Mr. Van Dall, with many things in common with the Mr. Atheling of bombshell fame, will be in the future, another authority-to-head. ...he

ONE OF SCIENCE FICTION'S BEST GRAVY TRAINS is just about 'round the bend, and that ol' clackety-clack of eager typewriters is gonna be echoin' back ever more faintly from now on. BALLANTINE BOOKS, INC., in a measure inspired by uninspired sales (and faint signs, to this writer, of organized pressure from hardcover and softcover/reprint houses) has cut its once fabulous advances to the bare bone. The actual rate of payment per word remains unchanged, and still remains the well-bankrolled writer's best bet, but most stf pros seem to work from hand to mouth, and can't afford to wait for semi-annual royalty statements.

Sic transit (to a certain extent) gloria... which cues a speculation this corner has long itched to spill into type.

How come Ballantine, with its production facilities and original bankroll, was never able to sell enough copies of any stf book to cover the original royalty advance to the author? (ie: despite the fact that most Ballantine Books did show some profit, none sold enough copies to bring further royalties to any writer. Invariably, the royalty advance, on the basis of 100,000 copies, was all the writer ever saw--meaning no book topped that figure.)

Further: How come M&SF is in a serious reorganizational hiatus, with Spivak experimenting left and right in an attempt to raise the disappointingly low circulation?

More: Why isn't GALAXY tops in circulation?

AND: How come, with month after month of stories written by such patent amateurs as Tom Godwin, Lee Correy, and E.B. Cole, ASF continues to thumb its nose at the rest of the magazine field?

Got a theory. Got a theory science fiction isn't the Literature of Art. Got another theory that science fiction art should not consist of corroded phallic symbols. Got a theory that saccharine preesy, decadent phrasing, misty, impenetrable concepts, no matter how pleasing to the critics and to Martha Foley just plain will not sell, because people turn to fiction--any kind--to be entertained, not spellbound. Got a theory that all the involuted neurotics in the world, spilling their daymares and wish-fulfillments onto paper, will never equal one honest-to-God storyteller. And I wish to hell the amateurs who think otherwise, and who happen also to be publishers, would show the sense to hire professional editors who know the field. The

preceding applies to art directors, too.

ASF continues to have striking, mostly illustrative covers, and awful, in most cases, but illustrative, interior art. The writing in the stories ranged from fair down to pitiful, with only an occasional upshoot to good. There hasn't been an outstanding lead story since The Specter General, and that was in June, of 1952.

And still Campbell sells half-again as many copies as his nearest competitor--which, by the sly by, is neither Galaxy nor F&SF.

I got one last theory: unless sf publishers get smart and study the methods (hit-or-miss though they may be) of the man who consistently outsells all the pretty little literary pastiches with their orgasmic covers, the sf boom will be a thing of so remote a past that the surviving magazines will have to start dating from B.C. And I do mean Before Campbell.

#### NEWS AND FOULIES:

Ballantine will shortly issue a volume of three novellas, under the probable title of SPAC SHORT NOVELS, with stories by Jessamyn West, Theodore Sturgeon, and Lester del Rey. My Ballantine man informs me that the West is just about what you'd expect of a big-time writer descending to waste time with that science fiction stuff; that nobody understands the Sturgeon, and that the del Rey will bring wrath and brimstone down on the writer's head from various religious groups.

Sounds typical of Ballantine. STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES NUMBER 3 will be out near the end of the year. Here's hoping it maintains this series' unusual record--for Ballantine--of making significant money.

LION BOOKS is starting a brief science fiction program of its own, consisting mainly of originals and anthologies, with a few scattered reprints. Two of the anthologies are by Judith Merril, one by Larry Shaw. Authors in the original novels program include Merril, Cyril Hornblum, and Algis Budrys, of all people.

COSMOS is folding, following publication of its fourth issue. My Chicago man tells me Palmer's ends are getting looser. FANTASTIC UNIVERSE is getting along without a full-time editor, with Frank Belknap Long doing some of the work. Bob Lowndes is bringing out SCIENCE FICTION STORIES number 2 fairly soon. Apparently, that's a genuine annual.

And that's how I see it from where I... But you know.

HVD

EDITOR'S PARTING SHOT: as you can see, we weren't kidding when we said Mr. Van Dull's pen contained liquid explosives. We are VERY interested in hearing your comments about this column, so please be sure to remark about FROM WHERE I SIT, when you write

THE SOFTLY ATOMIC BLAST: fanzine review column concluded from page 58

importance. It is more important to understand the motivations of the magazine, and to see just what it is accomplishing, and what concrete good it is doing fandom. Once this is realized, fans will begin to appreciate DIMENSIONS for more than its superficial quality. They will respect it, not essentially for what it is, the leader in its field, but for what it is doing.

And that, for awhile, is that. All those sending me fan magazines (David Ish, 914 Hammond Rd., Ridgewood, NJ) will be assured of a review.



THE LETTER COLUMN THIS ISSUE IS MUCH ABBREVIATED DUE TO SPACE

HORACE L. GOLD (505 E. 14th St., NY 9, NY)

...Something that continues to needle me needlessly is the alleged fact that I rejected Philip José Farmer's THE LOVERS. I'd like to clarify my end of it, since I can't speak for Mr. Farmer. And I hope it remains clarified.

Naturally I recognized the freshness, vigor and appeal of the story. Far from rejecting it, I asked Mr. Farmer to isolate the major theme -- the incidence of all-female insects that mimic humanity physically, as stick insects mimic branches -- which I considered weakened by the two other major themes: the neo-Judaic society and the alien world. When three major themes are brought into a story, they clash and bleed each other. Even two are one too many.

Furthermore, I asked Mr. Farmer to place his story here and now on Earth, which is where I felt it should logically be. I saw it as a Eortean explanation of such females as Lucrezia Borgia, applied to the present as well as the past. The story is good now. It may even be better than the rewrite I requested would have turned out. I can't say, of course. But my professional opinion is that it would have been tremendous if it had been narrowed to a single theme and laid in the immediate present on Earth. I'm still sorry that Mr. Farmer didn't see it my way, but refusal to see things an editor's way is a privilege of writers that I don't intend to attack -- I'm one myself. Far from injuring our relationship, however, it has put Mr. Farmer and myself in close and friendly contact; our correspondence was lively, interesting and mutually respectful, and if it didn't turn out the way I wished, I'm sorry, but THE LOVERS is far from being the only story in Mr. Farmer's system. There are bound to be others, and I'm sure many of them will appear in GSF...

The above, in connection with Phil Farmer's article some months ago in FANTASTIC WORLDS, coupled with the long article Mr. Farmer is doing for DIMENSIONS at this moment, will give, I think, the most complete of insights into the workings of the writer and the editor as they whip a story into shape. Phil, as many of you know, is the 1954 recipient of the DIMENSIONS plaque for CITATION .....he

being the letter column in which our readers express themselves --- sometimes lively, sometimes tepid ---

**LORENTZ**



ARTHUR C. CLARKE (address, in transit from England with wife)

Man! What have I done to deserve p. 29! (ed note--issue 13 of SEM on which was a caricature of Clarke) Are you sure this isn't an illustration left over from Ted Sturgeon's "IT"? The only thing right is the number of eyes: even my glasses aren't that shape. And if it was ever prepared "under my direction" I was drunk at the time! ... yrs. Arthur Clarke.

But Arthur, don't you remember? it was on the way home from Indian Lake in Johnny Magnus' car with screwball Jack Harness on your lap, that you remarked, "I say, that cartoon looks a jolly bit like me. Finish it, Jack."



BALI-HAI

-cartoon by Bill Venable

So Jack did, and there it was. Now don't tell me you don't recall, Art. Thanks for sending back the plaque...he

WYMAN GUIN (158 Miramar Drive, E. Troy, Wisconsin, Route 1)

I have just returned from a trip and have your letter of a month ago. I will be happy to write the piece for you just as soon as I am out from under a few things.

Thanks for the opportunity. Sincerely,  
Wyman Guin

Many of you will remember "Wyman Guin" as the author of the famous BEYOND BED-LAM, some time ago in Galaxy. After a full two years of tracking him down, I am pleased to announce that we shall present the inside story of BB soon. he

STANDARD MAGAZINES, INC.  
10 E. 40th St., NY 16, NY

May 25, 1953

Mr. Dave Ish  
914 Hammond Road  
Ridgewood, New Jersey  
Dear Dave:

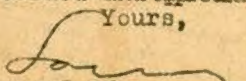
We do appreciate the serious interest shown by so many fans over the defunct fanzine column and the numerous offers we have had to take it over -- for money, for glory, or for free. You aren't the only one to whom this idea has occurred and there is currently a long line waiting to whom I could only say honestly that there is no plan for reviving it on a staff basis.

So far as having a genuine, bona fide fan do it, that would depend upon his journalistic talents, as you have pointed out. And the things we might look for might not be the same things which would occur to you, or to the ordinary fan mag editor. Also, we do not expect anyone to work for free, and we are not prepared for a column now. So that's a difficulty. As far as a gap opening between pro and fan --

I'm aware of that and am trying to keep it closed via the letter column -- a murderous job in itself, though it may not seem so on quick reading. All these things are an appalling amount of work, as you would discover when it came to reading fifty or sixty fanmags carefully for review.

Anyway, thanks for the thought -- its bountiful good will has been recorded and appreciated.

Yours,

  
Samuel Mines  
Science Fiction Editor



CHARLES W. RYAN: over two years ago, we received an excellent short story entitled You Can't Take It With You from someone who used the pen-name W. Patrick Ryan. The return address on the manuscript was the West Coast, and the name of the author---true to life---was Charles W. Ryan. We accepted the story. Sometime in the next year you will see that story. But before you do, you will see the lead novelette this issue, and a book-length novel Drums In Madison Square and three or four other pieces of fiction of varying lengths. The reason we have accepted so many submissions by Chuck Ryan is that he is good. It's that simple. But then, perhaps there's reason for him being good. Under another name Chuck has sold widely in the fiction field. Recently a book of his poetry was published in New York. This is perhaps the first time a professional author purposely groomed himself for a new branch of writing by submitting to a fan magazine. But that is exactly what Charles has done. His work, I'm sure you will concur, is truly quality stuff. And there is a good deal more Ryan scheduled in DIMENSIONS, so keep that weather-eye out for it.

FLETCHER PRATT: needs no introduction. Author, naval expert, historian, gourmet, breeder of marmosets, and author of science fantasy (not to mention being one of the most amiable and likable chaps walking), Fletch is one of s-f's old guard, having written for sf periodicals back in the days when Hugo held sway. His efforts read like the blurb on a dust jacket (from where, incidentally, the above do NOT come!) or the exploits of the senior member of the Explorer's Club. But the venerable Mr. Pratt, taking time out from writing such books as THE UNDYING FIRE and TALES FROM CAVAGAN'S BAR (both reviewed this issue) has seen fit to learn the super-secret ability of mixing kidney-kurdling liquors and the fetish of throwing house-parties of uncommon staggering individuality. He was also editor of the now defunct FANTASY FICTION magazine for a period of oh, it was about, two weeks. A remarkable, remarkable fellow. We hope for two things: more submissions to DIMENSIONS and one of these days an invite to one of those house parties. The women, we hear, flow in much the same manner as Fletcher's wine. And who could forego meeting Inga Pratt?

HAROLD VAN DALL: ah-ha! Here is my little secret. Let Boggs have his Atheling. In the secret recesses of New York City lives a man who is there the news is made, when it's made. That man is Harold Van Dall. For the very livelihood which keeps him in Harry Bellafonte records and second sheets would be jeopardized, should I reveal who he is. But there he sits, his jaundiced eye watching carefully, never-flinching when it comes to writing blasting exposés of trends or the actions of those who we read in the science fiction magazines. His column, I prophesy, will be the sensation of 1954. Van Dall has a way with words, and the way is always straight from the shoulder: hard-hitting! Factual! This is the inside dope! In DIMENSIONS.

GREGG GALKINS: editor of the estimable periodical COPS&LA!, uncle Gregg edits that hangover from Sixth Fandom from the West Coast, where the United States Marines have some small claim on his body. Originally from Salt Lake City, our boy is once again dealing out the comment in a column far superior to his old one.

JOE BELOTTE: lives in Troy, New York, writes magnificent Sandburg-of-the-future poetry, goes to a college in New York state which I've forgotten the name of, and corresponds with fans via wire recorder. He's a DIMENSIONS discovery.



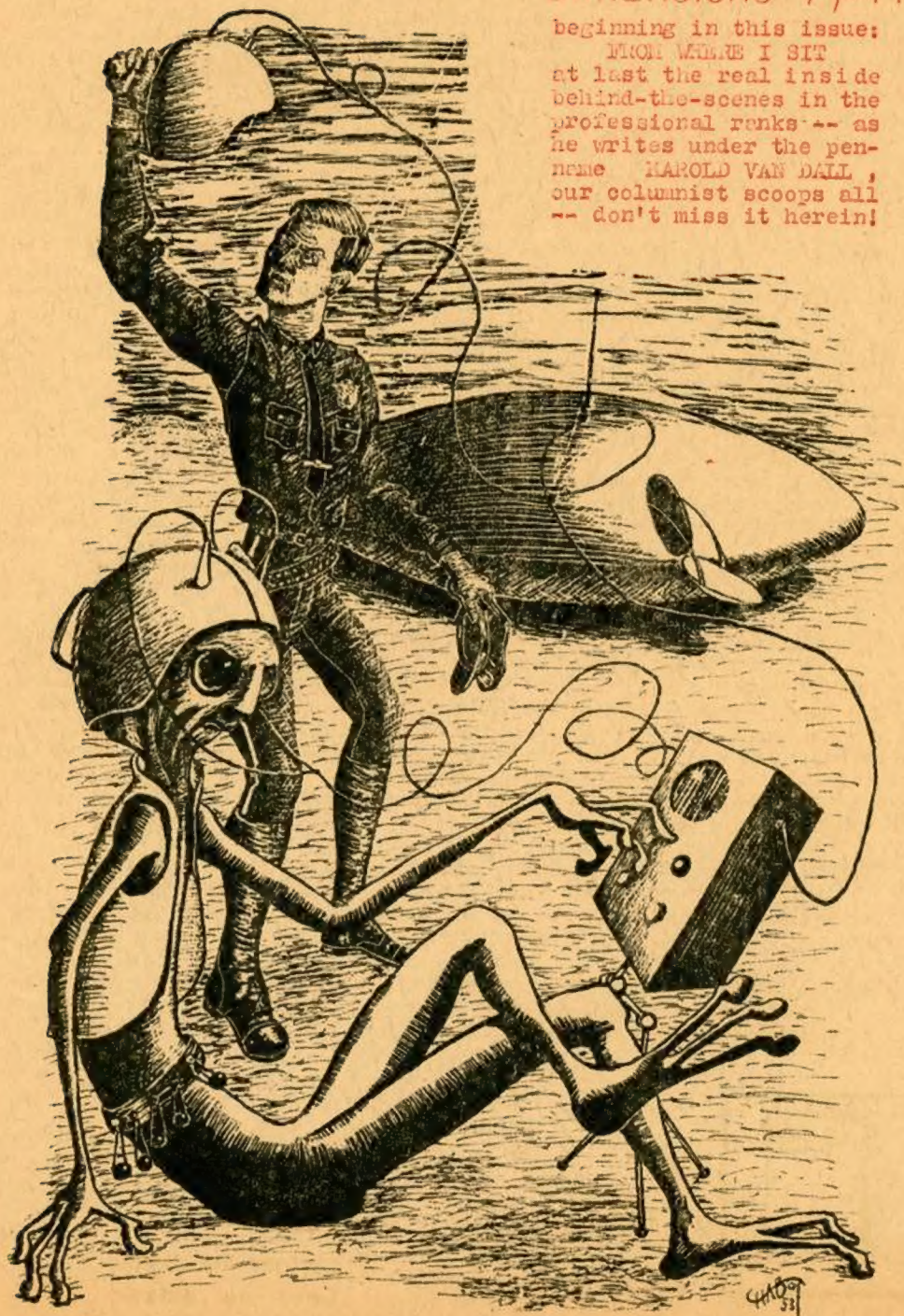
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cartoon by dignin  
text by ellison



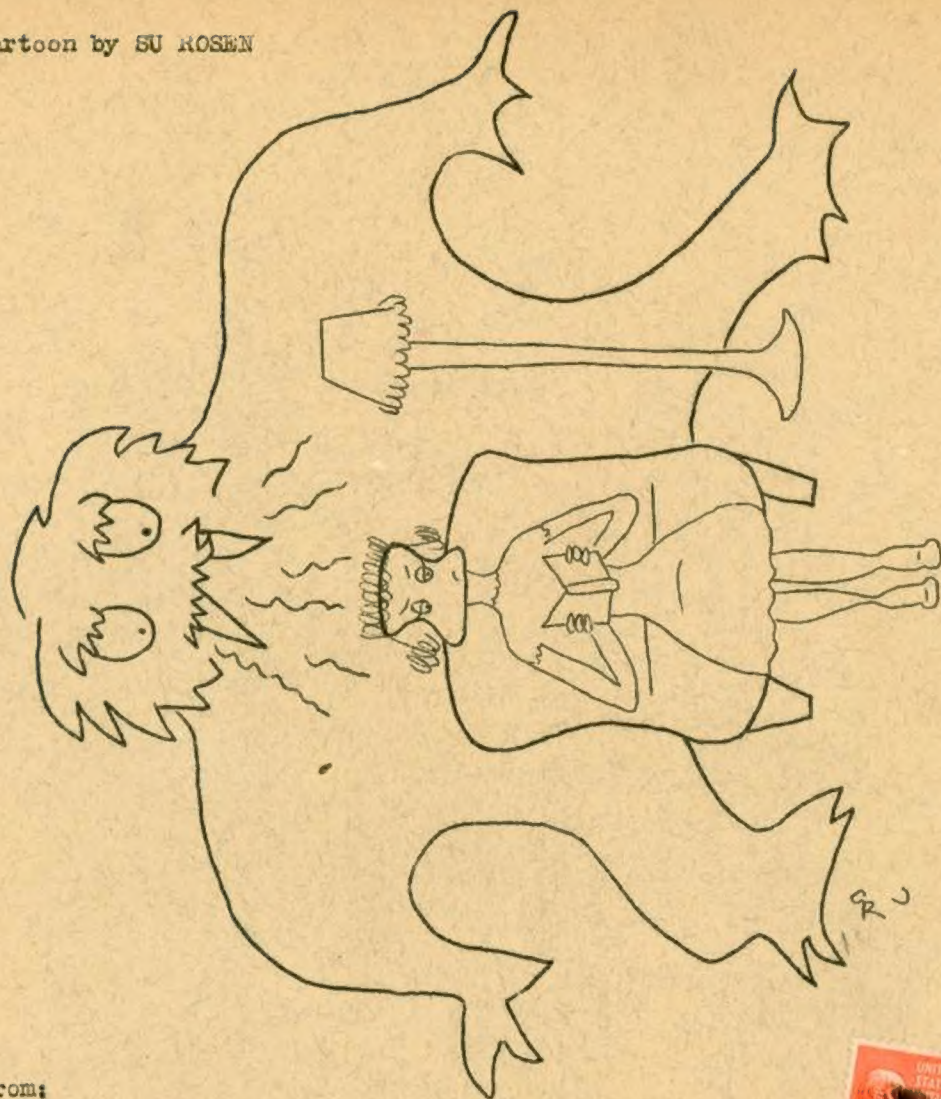
# DIMENSIONS #14

beginning in this issue:  
FROM WHERE I SIT  
at last the real inside  
behind-the-scenes in the  
professional ranks -- as  
he writes under the pen-  
name HAROLD VAN DALL,  
our columnist scoops all  
-- don't miss it herein!





cartoon by SU ROSEN



"REALLY, GEORGE, DON'T YOU EVER CLEAN THAT PIPE OF YOURS?"

from:

*dimensions*

harlan ellison: editor  
41 east 17th avenue  
columbus 1, ohio, u.s.a.

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